The Black Notebook of Eddie Spider-Plush.

A Tribute for My Youth.

Written by... Eddie Spider-Plush.

...Dedicated to the Daily Crew and Rissey...

...And also written for the Daily Spider-Plush 5+1 Anniversary Celebration for a Better Fifth Anniversary.

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All of his Spider-Man plushies, for keeping him warm during the cold nights of October, November and December.

Very few of his college classmates for being so kind to him after seeing him looking miserable for an entire day.

Spider-Man, he's not real but he has been with him through lows and highs.

Introduction.

When the sky is gray, most people think about sadness and loneliness and isolation, not me, I actually enjoy the cold, the rain, the feeling of just staying in bed and relaxing. And there I am, ready to start the day in my day clothes, not exactly feeling sad, but feeling lazy, I just want to stay here and lay down and scroll on my smartphone.

Or I could potentially get my ass out of bed and do what I love doing the most, journaling and writing about my stuff.

I guess I must give a little introduction now because that is what this is. Y'know.

The recommended reading for this is the happy-go-lucky guide to how I see the world, the story I like to call "Random Hour: The Interesting Life of an Eddie Spider-Plush" available on Archive.org. It should be pretty easy to identify which one I'm talking about.

Sure, that one may be funny and full of jokes and it might look lighthearted to you, but it was right after that one came out that I came to a few realizations, one of them being that I had left out the happiest times of my life when writing about the first 5 years of Daily Spider-Plush.

I also forgot to tell everyone the very intimate and detailed story of how much I struggle in life knowing that sometimes I'll just be completely lonely in life, and how sometimes I'll feel like everyone thinks I'm a weirdo.

As I came to that realization, I decided to boot up Google Documents and begin writing on that little sequel I had always planned... I just didn't expect it to be... THIS..

For those of you who don't know, my name is Eduardo "Spider-Plush" Perez and for the last 5 nearly 6 years, I have been

the one and only... Daily Spider-Plush. I take a lot of pride and joy knowing that people like to see me posting about Spider-Man plushies on the internet, I've even built a bit of a fanbase on both Twitter and Tumblr. I'm pretty much the only guy posting about a specific character's various plushie iterations and I'm probably the only guy that hasn't left his joke after like 2 weeks of doing it.

It's a very easy process, just wake up, eat breakfast, brush your teeth, take a shower, read the news, go on your computer and look up "Spider-Man plush" and post the image on Twitter, and you do that for 5 and a half years and people will start commenting stuff like "I used to have this one", "I still have this one" or "I want to have this one". I've become a bit of an icon, getting recognized in many strange places like the DC Comics Discord Server and getting recognized in Amazing PSM's YouTube live chat sometimes.

Becoming Daily Spider-Plush wasn't my original plan, I really just wanted a Twitter where I could post whatever the fuck I wanted, but somewhere along the line, I was added to the group chat where I met the Daily Crew (2020-2021) and I just renamed myself to Daily Spider-Plush and I have been posting every day since.

Sure, there's been times where I quit, times where I took breaks, times where I forgot to post, but I have persevered through it all and now I post regularly, and also very early in the morning. I'm happy to say that 2026 will finally be the year where I don't forget a single post.

Sure, that sounds just incredibly ridiculous, this guy is celebrating a Twitter page... And it is quite ridiculous, and don't you try telling me it's not, because it's just so pathetic for me to have a social media page dedicated to a fictional property, and it is more pathetic to dedicate it to merchandise of said property, and even more pathetic for it to be KIDS merchandise, and it is just super duper pathetic to celebrate it so much and to say it means a lot to me, but I still do it.

I made a lot of friends on Twitter, a lot of friends that I still talk to almost every day. Sure, we may have fought before but what really matters is that they are there for me when I need them and if they ever need me, I'll try my best to be there and show my support in the best way I can.

The same goes for my real life friends. Even if I don't see them or don't talk to them with frequency, I never forget to think about how genuinely nice and supportive they are. We have a lot of mutual feelings of respect and love for each other, and I'd be in a darker place if they weren't there for me.

Gone are the days of me lacking communication with my childhood friends and gone are the days of me being the outcast for liking Spider-Man comics more than any normal human being should, now I know people that are similar to me and people that share my tastes, people that go through similar shit than what I go through in this life.

Unlike most people, I don't see the world of video games, superhero comic books, movies, or anime to be a world where I can just escape from my problems, if I have a problem, I'm gonna put the kiddie toys away and try to do everything in my power to get through it, but that's not to say I don't indulge in escapist fiction, I find myself enjoying a nice Spider-Man comic, or a nice comedy flick by Adam Sandler, or a Sonic The Hedgehog game every once in a while when I'm going through a dark and depressing time, I just don't believe it helps you run away from your problems, because in the end, they're still there.

In this document, I will tell you the tales of the times where I felt like nothing could go wrong, the times where I had the most fun, and then I'll tell you about the darkest time of my youth, the time when not even Spider-Man was there for me.

Maybe I threw in a few fictional elements here or there.

Brace yourselves, this is a dramatic retelling of my life from May of 2022 to December of 2025. Okay, look, I know I said it was the story of my personal life for the first five years of Spider-Plush (which started in October of 2020) but let me tell you something... Did you forget that we were on a global lockdown? What am I supposed to tell you? The day when I woke up, ate unhealthy food, played Super Mario World and scrolled on Twitter all day until I went to sleep? I think the most relevant things that happened were me watching No Way Home, grinding away to get the fucking Spider-Man battle pass skin in Fortnite, getting stuck with homework during online school and my entire family catching COVID.

Composition.

Human creativity has made us come a long way, if it wasn't for the human mind, we wouldn't have our favorite TV shows, movies, songs, or comic books. Creativity can lead to you making stuff for other people to see, or it can lead you to create stuff for your own amusement, and while I do find a charm in making things for people to see and give criticisms on, I've always preferred making things for my own amusement in the comfort of my own privacy.

I've done many things that I never meant for the world to see, I still even do that from time to time, but I always eventually release it on the internet, one example of this being the very poorly made Evil Spider-Man, which I already talked about in another "book", but there's many, MANY other things I've written and drawn that have never seen the light of day... Until NOW.

One notebook I had that wasn't for school work is one I unfortunately never saw again and I wasn't able to find it for the sake of this little book, but it wasn't exactly significant. Basically, it was this black notebook with a bunch of green lines that I remember using as a little diary, but I think I also used it to draw a bunch of stuff. This was at the time when I was just getting back into Marvel, so chances are that I drew Spider-Man a lot. I remember having this notebook on my desk when it was time for us to write about our friends for a class assignment. We were supposed to stand in front of the class and talk about how much we respected these people. I was one of the first people there, and I spoke about these people that I had such high praise for... But no one ever spoke about how much they respected... Me...

One notebook I also had was this little mini notebook that was so small that one note from class would take up the entire notebook, and this is one that I actually do still have, but

unfortunately, I somehow managed to lose all sketches and comics drawn inside of this thing, so now I'm left with a flipbook and a sketch of Super Mario drawn by a friend back in my last year of elementary school.

Deep inside the archives of what used to be a metal container for cookies is a little notebook with a few of the most popular Marvel characters on the cover. Boy do I love that little notebook, I even remember when I got it. It was the summer of- I actually don't remember when, but I was with my father in a place far from home (walking distance) and we came across this little shop with lots and lots of cutesy school supplies. One backpack I really wanted that had all the superheroes in it cost 800 pesos, and we weren't gonna spend 800 pesos on a backpack that I was only gonna use once, so we opted to buy this little bag with a red pen and a notebook... And it was 900 pesos, great... Now I'm just lying. Does anyone actually believe my lies? If you do, you're an idiot.

So, anyway, let's talk about the pen... A red pen, made out of very cheap plastic, but durable enough for stupid children to draw little sketches with. I didn't use the notebook very often, but what I did use was that damn pen, it was like a best friend to me, it lasted a good amount of time, it got me through the first year of junior high until it ran out of ink in the middle of a very important assignment, but I made it through just fine... It reminds me of my English teacher, a very smart man whose name I unfortunately don't remember, but he was always very supportive of me and was interested in comics like I was, and I was always the first to finish his assignments... Which probably meant I was either competitive or everyone else was incompetent, probably the latter. But my friends, OH my friends in that class, we were inseparable.

So, what did I use this notebook for? This is a personal belief, but I think there are unspoken rules for the use of a notebook, and that is depending on the design. If you have a

super awesome and small notebook with all the Marvel characters on it, are you really gonna use that thing for SCHOOL? No, you're gonna wanna use it for stupid ass sketches.

I remember getting my brother to draw a little mini comic that was only one page long but it was just so silly... I would show you the scan but unfortunately I don't have the strip anymore, which seems to be a common theme, I don't have ANYTHING to show you. Writing this chapter was a good idea. I mean, I still have a few sketches that I can show, I just have to scan these things first, and that's gonna take a while since I have the best scanner team in the world to scan my notebooks, it's like a team of 10,000 people.

NOTES FROM: *The Marvelous Little Notebook of Eddie Spider-Plush*

- *Ren and Stimpy are out of toast, so they call Spider-Man*
- *He makes webtoast and they eat it. This is Dan's finest work*
- *Spidey shits himself or something*
- *Hasta Lumbago, Spider-Man*

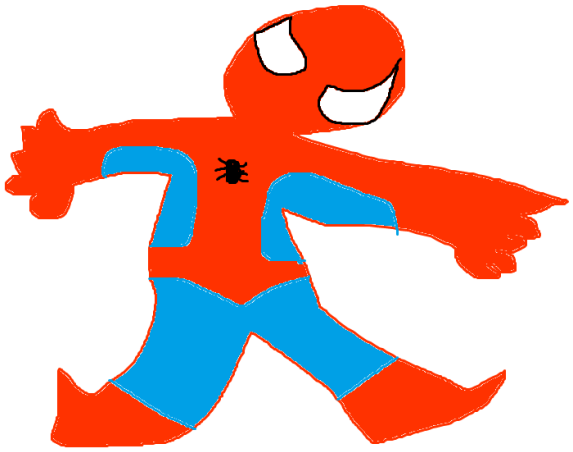
I guess I was into reviewing when I wrote this? I don't recall ever actually writing it, but I guess I wrote down a little short note recap for Ren & Stimpy #6, which is when they met Spider-Man (NOTE: I still have this issue, lol, one of the first Spideys I ever found in the wild after not being a fan of the character for a while).

I guess I have the notebook where I drew the storyboards for that one motion picture I never completed, titled Spider-Plush 2, and I still have the poorly made scans. These being storyboards and being drawn by the guy that doesn't know how to draw, you can expect them to be poorly drawn.

During my trips to the nearest candy shop, I saw that they were selling little notepads with the faces of Spider-Man and Venom, and I bought them, and I did some fairly neat sketches of... Who do YOU think? I mean, when you buy a themed notebook, isn't that specific theme the ONLY thing you're gonna draw?

You think this was just a thing I did at age 13? No, I was doing this shit at age 5, and I know about this because during spring cleaning, I found this notebook with Andrew Garfield's Spider-Man on the cover, this is the very first notebook I've ever had that wasn't for any specific school subjects, and I drew various sketches of movies I saw that summer, like the then recent Amazing Spider-Man or Avengers.

I wish I still had my first ever drawing of Spider-Man. When I was a little kid, 5 years old, I had a blue and orange-ish red pencil and just drew Spider-Man in a very simple yet accurate way, staying true to the comic books... Even though I hadn't read a single one at that point, I didn't even know how to read at that point! I guess since I don't have that sketch anymore, I'll just recreate it for your viewing pleasure.



Pretty good, eh? The problem with remembering this is that it also makes me remember kindergarten, and the problem with remembering kindergarten is that... I remember that the other kids hated or disliked me. All I could do back then was dislike them back. You may think I'm a completely innocent person that was just hated or seen as weird for a miniscule reason like "Liking Marvel" but I look back and wow, I really was a dumbass kid, I was probably just mean and stupid and naive.

The only 2 friends I remember were this guy named Edgar and this guy named Ariel, both of whom genuinely wanted to be my friends, but I don't think I ever saw them again. I also remember this kid named Juan, who either was really nice or he was really mean and angry. Kinda felt bad for this guy, he was kinda a punching bag that was angry at the world... but I never saw him again after a while and I probably never will see him again. I recall one instance where he said "what the fat" and got sent to the principal because it kinda sounded like "what the fuck" and that was apparently enough for him to get into trouble. Meanwhile, here I was, accidentally blurting out "pendejo" and ending up fine.

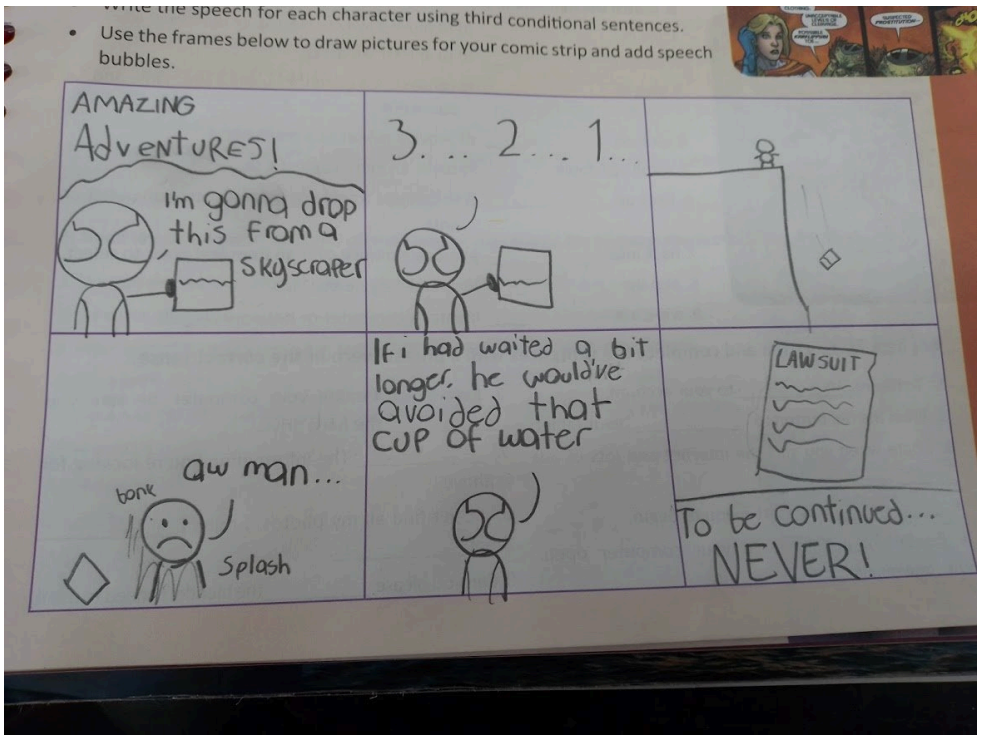
Every other kid was a complete jackass to me, I never understood why we gave birthday gifts to these kids, they clearly didn't deserve it from me. As for my birthday? Oh, I never

celebrated those in school, I don't even think most people there even knew my birthday. All of these kids were getting pizza, birthday cake, birthday songs, gifts, everything... But for me, who always wanted these kids to celebrate ME for once? Nothing, zilch, nada... This isn't because my parents were mean, the problem was that my birthday, April 25th, always happened on the weekend, or a day where we didn't have to show up to school...

Sucked, but all I can do is cry about it here, I guess, here in this black notebook that I got for selling school lottery tickets. This is the Black Notebook of Eddie Spider-Plush, the first notebook I've ever used as an actual diary instead of writing funny shit and drawings I spent no effort on. This black notebook follows me wherever I go, and everything written on it is for my eyes only, or at least until I decide to open up about it like in this book. This black notebook is as intimate as my own thoughts and resentments... But we all have to open up sometimes, even if no one listens, someone may find all my thoughts and sympathize with me.

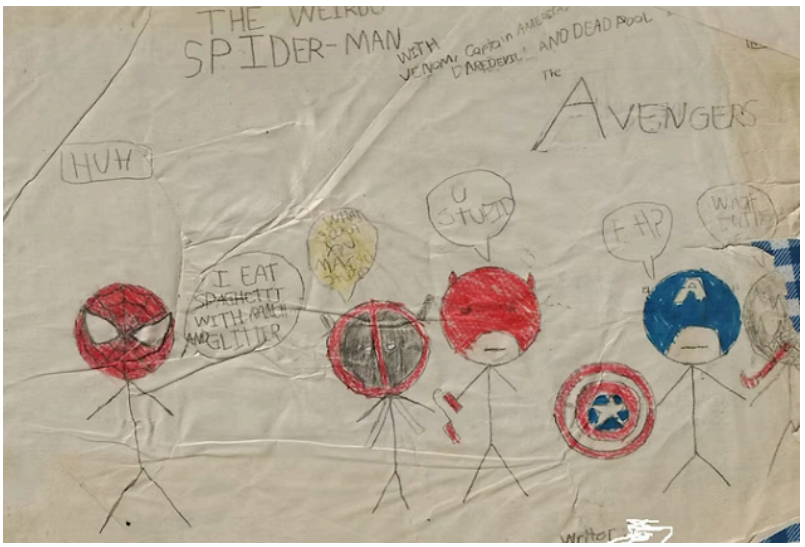
Anyway, back to my more fun notebooks. I have this Spider-Man 60th Anniversary notebook with many panels featuring our red and blue webhead. I used it for little sketches and ideas for the Evil Spider-Man series, ideas that never made it, ideas like "155", the robot that law enforcement uses to catch Spidey (but fails). I actually wanted Evil Spider-Man to get to 100 issues and then end the series on a high note, and I might actually do it some day.

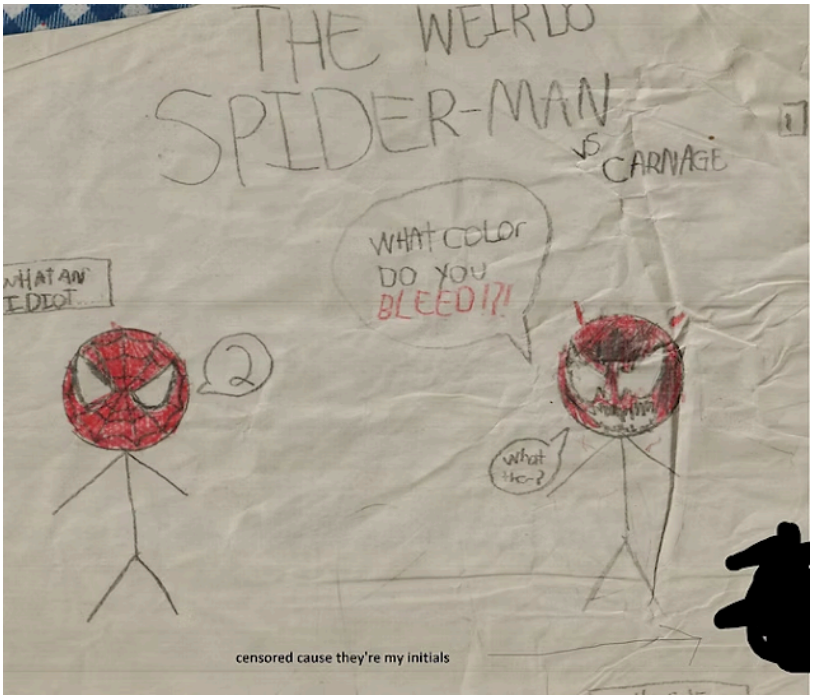
Deep within the archives of my life and pretty much my Twitter, I have this little mini comic titled Amazing Adventures that I wrote and drew for a little English class assignment, and then my friend Sebastian fucking STOLE and PLAGIARIZED it from me with absolutely ZERO shame, which made me lose all the little respect I somehow still had for him. Here, look at the original in its original sloppy school work glory.


Write the speech for each character using third conditional sentences.
Use the frames below to draw pictures for your comic strip and add speech bubbles.
AMAZING Adventures!
I'm gonna drop this from a skyscraper
3... 2... 1...
If i had waited a bit longer, he would've avoided that cup of water
LAWSUIT
To be continued... NEVER!
aw man...
bonk
Splash

D'aww, isn't that just cute? I was 17 when I wrote this. MY HANDWRITING FUCKING SUCKED, and I'm genuinely trying to improve. Also, I totally blew Spider-Man's writing and art here, he randomly throws a cup of water out of a rooftop, which is totally out of character, and to top it all off, I DIDN'T DRAW HIS WEBS OR HIS LOGO!

I have this 2 issue 1 page 1 panel series called The Weirdo Spider-Man, a version of the Spider-Man legend that features him saying a bunch of weird shit. I have no idea as to what compelled me to even write this or what even compelled me to draw it, I don't even have any idea as to why I even decided to keep it and eventually share it on the internet on a blog post released way back in 2023.





Boy, doesn't this look like something I would make when I was, I dunno, 4? Well, guess what, buddy, I was 12 years old when I made this. I used to draw poorly on purpose as a joke.

There was an attempt at making a little project for my own amusement way back in 2022, and that was making my own zine. I probably would've filled it with shitty comics that no one cared about but I couldn't even finish the first issue, you wanna know how much I got done? One (1) story of an alternate future where the Spider-Man legend goes against Mysterio, who is a personal favorite of mine, and then he "rizzes" up this entirely original

character that I don't remember the name of. Pretty damn boring, if you ask me, who is the only person with access to this story... Actually, I couldn't find the comic in order to scan it, so now nobody has access.

This seems to be the case with a lot of the sketches presented here. It's either that or I'm too scared to scan these.

Well, why not have a look at the digital archives? Sure, I could use the extra work.

From: *The History of Spider-Plush (First Draft, 2023)*

In October 2020 I made a twitter page because I wanted to talk about spider-man. I wasn't really expecting to become one of those daily accounts, but then I decided that I wanted to document every Spider-Man Plush I could find. REST IN PASTA POWER DAILY ACCOUNTS, I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU!

I'm doing this for the Spider-Collection site on weebly, go check it out because it's cool and awesome.

This is an excerpt of a Spider-Plush history document I wrote for... Well, it says it right there. One evening, this guy DMed me asking if I wanted to help him document every Spider-Man plushie in existence, and I thought I'd make this document listing all of them.

Work on this took a span of 3 months, not because I worked on it every day or something, but sometimes I would just either be too lazy to continue or too tired or too busy to do it, but hey, this is one of those projects I actually managed to finish, because I knew I had to... And I also knew I had to give updates to skull902 for some unknown reason.

Cringy writing aside, the owner of Spider-Collection never fucking said anything to me after writing, so why bother? I even bothered to craft some beautiful funeral images in PhotoShop and MS Paint in order to pay respects to the beautiful Spider-Man & Friends line, but I guess no one saw it, not even the fucker who requested it.

And it is only after showing you this that I remembered that I made a second and third document, and those didn't take much time. I pretty much had them finished in less than a week.

It was pretty funny because as soon as I made that document, some fucker decided to make a twitter just so they

could tell me that I missed a few plushies here or there, and I tried to follow them and be mutuals with them but they never followed back. Dick.

If I had to pick my favorite out of the three documents, I'd choose the second one. I think I did a really good job and I still laugh at some of my own jokes, which is something I do a lot of the time.

From: *My DeviantArt page (2023)*

"This October I have like 5 things planned, and they are all just a bunch of articles. However i have no idea if i am actually gonna post them:

Spider-Plush Reviews the first 2 episodes of Neon-Genesis Evangelion. - November 10"

That's right guys, I saw Evangelion when I was 16, and I... I only saw the first 2 episodes in order to write a review.

The reason why I'm talking about this here is because I have been fucking working on an Evangelion review for 3 fucking years, and I have never finished it. First it was this review that I have to admit, was turning out pretty well. It all started somewhere around September of 2023, I had written my thoughts on every frame pretty much until Misato showed up and then I decided to prioritize the 3 years of Spider-Plush projects (that no one saw) and totally forgot to finish this thing.

Then the Blogspot site came around and I was thinking of finishing this thing there with the title of "The Post I Never Finished" but I didn't even click on create draft, but I do recall taking notes on episodes 1 through 4. In fact, let me fetch those notes for you, these notes are all super cryptic and completely unaltered, for you:

Notes from: *Wix and The Jean Book of Eddie Spider-Plush (Eva Notes Section) (EVA SPOILER WARNING, nothing really major)*

Angel Attack

- *First of all, the voice acting by the ADV cast sounds like when you're taking one of those English language tests and you gotta listen to the audio and write down what you got from it*
- *The angels are actually so fucking scary, I'm already shitting myself.*
- *I chose to watch an English dub because I don't speak all 7117 languages in the world and I don't plan to become fluent in all of them. The English dub I'm watching is the ADV one, the Netflix one sucks.*
- *This is Shinji, my pc calls him "vlcsnap-2023-09-16-16h53m57s581.png" and Google (Latin America) calls him "el pibito con depresion" (Note: Google no longer does that)*
- *Who is this man? We'll find out later in the series, gosh, you are so fucking impatient, dude. (Re: Gendo Ikari)*
- *C'mon dude, an unnecessary Misato ass shot? Oh, that's right, this is an Anime.*
- *Bro, the fucking atom bomb these guys just dropped did nothing to that "Angel"?*

(That's about all I wrote on Wix.com, some things may have been altered)

- *I think Shinji's a nerd or something because I have no idea as to what a Geofront is.*

- *They decide to tell Rei to pilot the Eva because Shinji is being a bitch... Shinji does it anyway.*
- *And then the episode ends.*
- *The entry plug looks like a giant tampon.*
- *Fly meh to tha moon*
- *I like the intro music*
- *I like that this show promises fanservice, which means I'll see Misato's BOOBS (Just kidding, this note was written by me just now, I wasn't horny in 2023.)*

Unfamiliar Ceiling/The Beast

- *The Angel beats the shit out of the Eva*
- *Yeah, it's Joever for him*
- *Noooo*
- *Then he wakes up*
- *Don't worry he's fine*
- *The government has a meeting and Shinji's dad is like "Don't worry about it" and then the other guys there leave him alone, which kinda reminds me of when I'm the last one to leave a Discord call*
- *The episode is called "The Beast" so feel free to throw a lame MrBeast joke.*
- *"I'm not gonna be making any passes at him" You will not believe what happens*
- *Is beer really good to the point where you have to buy like 50 gallons? I once took a sip of beer and I really hated it.*
- *Who is Misato keeping in the fridge?*

- *Oh, yeah, this is an Anime, I forgot for a second. (Re: Unnecessary but necessary Misato ass shot and the time they threatened to show Shinji's dih)*
- *EW! NUDITY! (This was written back when I didn't like that sorta thing, but now I'm older and I don't really care about anything anymore)*
- *Does the robot have eyes? WTF?*
- *I don't understand what goes on at NERV but maybe I'm just stupid and not getting it. (I was)*

The Phone that Never Rings/A Transfer

- *The teaser for these episodes promise more fanservice.*
- *(Y'know, at this point I just describe the episode so it's not worth transcribing it all here.)*
- *This is eerie (it wasn't that eerie)*
- *Blonde white girl calls (Ritsuko? I think she's Asian, so... Totally not white.)*
- *Idiot kids playing around (Toji and Kensuke?)*
- *This guy is kinda cool (Toji)*
- *Shinji gets emailed by a bunch of girls and now everyone knows who he is and what he does.*
- *I kinda want one of those red laptops.*
- *It is raining as I write these notes*
- *Shinji now gets bullied (I saw the rest of the series and he only gets punched ONCE by Toji, so he didn't really get bullied)*
- *Funny purple worm (Was it really purple? I don't remember, and I don't think it even was a worm)*

Hedgehog's Dilemma/Rain, After Running Away

- *(Okay, I didn't write notes for this one, but I at least wrote down the title of the episode, which is something)*
- *(Bro, near the end of the episode, they just stand still for like one hot minute and I wanted to edit that scene so it takes like 1 hour for them to say something, I might actually do that)*

I then saw episode 5 of Evangelion and I totally clicked off the tab where I was watching in the middle of the episode and I never touched it again. I think I must've been scared away by the-[SPOILER]

And then, in January of this year, I started working on a big video essay script until I realized that I may be too stupid to write this thing.

Think of this as the project that got away. Now no one will ever know how much of a fan of this show I really am... Basically because everything I've ever said about this show has been seen by nobody on this planet.

Laughing out fucking loud, I just remembered the time someone on Instagram found my profile and started asking me to do roleplay, to which I said "fuck off" and never spoke to them again until they basically just started adding me to group chats, to which I decided to respond by trolling the shit out of children. I was 16.

Well, I pulled out all of my notebooks for this shit, so I might as well share some more notes.

Notes From: *The Jean Book of Eddie Spider-Plush (My deepest darkest secretzz!!! section)*

- *I like to eat worms.*

Notes From: *The Jean Book of Eddie Spider-Plush (Watch list section)*

- *Cool World*
- *Sonic High School*
- *Evangelion*
- *Sailor Moon*
- *Watch Later 2*
- *The other WL2*
- *Ask The Sonic Heroes*
- *Ultimate Spider-Man (2000)*
- *RedLetterMedia*
- *Bad Creepypasta*
- *RosyTheRascal15*

Let me write a long paragraph about this watch list because this is my black notebook and I can write whatever I want: Cool World SUCKED and I reviewed it (wasn't a very exciting review); Sonic High School is a fanfiction that was read by 2 people and one of them was the guy from an unknown podcast called Two Absolute Bookends; I'm pretty sure you know Eva by now; Sailor Moon was also gonna be reviewed but I never got around to actually making a draft or taking notes; Watch Later 2 was a playlist I made in order to not use the actual WL; Ask The Sonic Heroes is a series made by SonicSong182 and I saw like 28 episodes out of 51; Ultimate Spider-Man is something I've been interested in reading since like 2020 but I've never done it, but I've read a few issues, though; RedLetterMedia, I don't even know what

they do; Bad Creepypasta was kinda funny; RosyTheRascal15 makes me cry laughing.

This guy called Trip and this guy called skull902 introduced me to christian television, and more specifically a show called Jason and the Heroes of Mount Olympus, which is not even Christian. It SUCKS and I wrote a little description of it in the form of some notes.

Notes From: *The Jean Book of Eddie Spider-Plush (Jason section)*

- *Show has furries*

Yes, this show has a lot of anthropomorphic characters, including this rabbit guy that i fucking hate because he's stupid as fuck and the worst. There's also this squirrel girl and she's also the WORST EVER.

- *The protagonist is Jason.*

Yeah guys, believe it or not, Jason is our protagonist in this show about Jason. But sometimes the squirrel girl is the one that saves the day, look idk.

- *The show is pretty boring*

Yeah maybe I'm just not into Greek mythology, but I thought this show was pretty boring and stupid, but if you wanna give it a watch, then good luck with that. (most episodes are available to watch on YouTube.)

Such riveting commentary can only be found in the notes of the Jean Book of Eddie Spider-Plush, which is not a separate book from this one, it's just like a thing that only I have. Might properly scan it one day but I might struggle since it's so small.

The Blogspot page was gonna be ambitious, full of big Spider-Man review after big Spider-Man review. The list of things I wanted to review is... Right here, written in that one font.

1. *The Main reviews of the site were the JMS Spider-Man reviews, which would then lead to me reviewing Amazing Spider-Man #600, which would then lead to me reviewing everything up until issue 700. Then I gave up and didn't even finish the JMS run.*
2. *I would also do a series of reviews for The Amazing Spider-Man issues 1-100, as a little bit of a celebration of my favorite comic series.*
3. *I was gonna review the Spider-Man movies, and I got pretty far into the making of the Spider-Man 2 review until I realized that the first movie review was a bit time consuming, so I never did anything.*
4. *I wanted to poke fun at Spidey Super Stories, but I ultimately never did due to the fact that I decided to prioritize other things that I also never finished.*
5. *The big plan for the site was having Camden review the cool and young Ultimate Spider-Man series while I reviewed the old hag Amazing Spider-Man series.*
6. *I wanted to make more episodes of 4 Random issues focused on Spider-Man through the decades and even a review for International Spider-Man comics.*
7. *The JMS reviews had little preludes of similar stories from the 60s, but only 2 of these materialized (Funnily enough, the one for Spidey in the Avengers materialized but the actual review for the JMS story*

arc did not)

8. *The big collab review idea was making a big review for stories like The Other and One More Day but everyone, myself included, backed out of the project.*
9. *I wanted to review every Spider-Man comic released from 2001-2007, and I even wanted to include cartoons, novels, magazines, games, toys, you name it.*
10. *Scrapped Non-Marvel things include the Sonic IDW reviews that I never made and a censored and uncensored version for a Darkstalkers comic review. The main gimmick of the Darkstalkers reviews were that they would be full to the brim with unnecessary swearing here or there. + Retrospectives on the Red Hot Chili Peppers (Their stuff from 1991 to 2011) and "Weird Al" Yankovic (his stuff from 1993 to 2006)*
11. *The big retrospectives after the JMS run on Spider-Man would've been things like the JMD run, the Zeb Wells run, Ultimate Spider-Man and the Howard Mackie run.*
12. *I had a big Fantastic Four review planned that would start like this "I hate having to actually read Fantastic Four comics instead of just jerking off to Susan"*
13. *There's also Spider-Man Blue and Spider-Man Clone Saga reviews that I did ONE installment on and never fucking finished them.*
14. *I wanted to interview J. Michael Straczynski at one point but he never answered my DMs.*

Basically, after finding out that Google Search didn't show off my awesome site, I gave up on trying to review stuff, and my only real commitment was reviewing the Gwenpool (2025) mini series, and after that ended, I was in a writing depression and I

couldn't even touch a keyboard for anything other than homework or scheduling tweets. Or at least that was until I decided to write the fifth anniversary special "Random Hour".

But hey, now it's time to get out of the digital and physical archives of embarrassing comics and reviews I've written and it's time to start with the actual story.

This chapter may seem out of place to you, but first of all, it's very in place for me, because this is an intimate story about my life and I'm telling you a bunch of intimate notebook stuff here, so it fits just like a Tetris piece. Also, think of it as the warm stew you eat at a restaurant before getting your main meal. And trust me, the main meal of this book is gonna be an adventure like none you've ever read, basically because I'm gonna be saying a bunch of shit straight from the bottom of my little heart.

May God help us.

In Ordinary Light

It was a cold autumn night, no one was in the streets, everyone had pretty much just fallen asleep many hours ago, but not me, I ran back home, crying, completely embarrassed and humiliated, but most importantly, feeling a small sense of betrayal. As I enter my home, I try to process what I saw earlier that day and a slow realization slowly starts to come up in my mind... My worst fear has become true, and it feels horrible. I don't want to bring it up, I don't wanna tell my friends, I don't even want to tell my mom about what I saw... I sit in the kitchen, crying... How did it get to this?

Y'know, when you're stressed, you have stressful dreams, and those are the kind of dreams I had when I was about to prepare for my high school admission exams. When you're about to do an admission exam for any school, you can't help but think that the end is near, and that you need to start putting a lot more effort into your school work so that you don't fuck up everything. And the night I had that strangely specific dream was the night before that admission exam. I wasn't prepared at all for that one, I barely studied, I spent all night playing Sonic The Hedgehog, and I was so stressed that I didn't even know today was the day.

I put on my school uniform, I grab my backpack (for some reason, even though I just needed a pencil and a very specific piece of paper) and make my way to that high school so I can ace that fucking test.

I get to the school and enter the classroom and I am just absolutely ready to to destroy that test, but then a vision pops up in my head of the future, how many people I'll meet, how many things we will do, how many things I'll try for the first time once I get admitted to this high school. The vision shows many fun things

and many painful things that I will endure, and by the time the vision is over, I feel... Fine? Confused? Anyway, the test is done, I was the first one to finish, so I felt a little awkward turning it in before anyone else, so I quickly reviewed the test to see what I got wrong, thought it was good enough and turned it in. Time for recess!

I was disappointed to find that no one in my friend group actually applied to be in this school, which sucked, but hey, there were still enough of my friends for me to reconnect, and as I saw their faces and recognized old pals I hadn't seen in years, I had more visions of my youth.

Met my old pals Samuel and Ulysses, both of whom had also applied to be in the same school. I remember how I met Samuel, I just sat by his table one day and we got along after talking about Sonic and other games we liked and we just became pals, and we had this other friend called Cesar, who was always a bully, yet I always thought he was really awesome, + he liked Nintendo games like I did, and he even gave me a Kirby and a Yoshi plushie. Good times.

We also used to know this kid called Aleksandro, who was tall and strong and could probably kick my ass if I shittalked him, so I didn't do it... Even though he shit talked a LOT. I was bullied, I was belittled every day to the point that I dreaded going to school... But then, all of those resentments I had were gone and we were friends that loved talking to each other and asked how we were doing and we cared about each other.

I met Ulysses because we used to hate each other and we literally fought every day (Not fist fights, just insults) but then we saw each other at a supermarket and we were happy to see each other, no grudges, no nothing. It's a technique I read in a book once, think about the person you hate and start wishing them well. It may be hard to do so the first few times but you get to a point

where you genuinely wish them well and want for them to have great lives.

There was this table with a bunch of kids that HATED ME, I didn't really hate them back, I was just the punching bag of the group, and I was forced to sit with these guys. I knew this kid named Carlos who was actually really sweet, so he made everything more bearable.

There was this funny ass kid named Liam that I'm not sure if he even gave a shit about anything that was going on, and I'm pretty sure he was expelled.

God, I remember my first day at this school, it was completely eye opening to the outside world because all my life, I had gone to a private, no swearing, no pubescent humor school with little to no sex jokes, and then I go to this public school and there are penises drawn on the desks, it smells like actual dead bodies in the restrooms, and kids just DON'T SHUT UP. Hell, I remember how everything changed after a few science classes, everyone was now joking about sex and jacking off, two things that I was disgusted by at the time.

I think about it and that school may have been a terrible experience, but I've grown past it, I no longer feel resentments towards anyone there, and I hope we can reconnect and talk some time soon.

Well, the test was over and I just spent the little recess we had talking with some of my friends about things like what we've been up to for the past few years. Me? Boy, to give you a quick recap...

Entering Junior High was an experience, I did my admission test and... I ended up taking afternoon classes, which meant I had to say I was not used to and really wanted to change myself back to Morning classes, and I tried really hard, but I was never able to and by the time I actually was able to, I was already too attached

to my friends. Plus, half of my first semester and most of my second semester were online classes due to the COVID-19 Pandemic, and not even the teachers joined, which is why I've always felt dumber than everyone else. Near the end of the experience, the school reopened and even though I still didn't like the 2 PM to 7 PM schedule, I still had lots of fun.

Well, the high school admission exam was a success (or I thought it was), the teacher there essentially told me to get lost and go home... And so, I went home like a champ, so I'll just go on my walk home... But as I go home, I realize something is wrong in my head... Is this a headache? A stroke? Did I get drugged? Because it looks like I'm headed to some sort of vision, narrated by a strange voice, a voice that sounds familiar, yet unknown to me...

"Eddie... Listen to me..." said the voice.

"What is it? Couldn't you wait until I got home?" I replied, with my usual sass and a hint of irritation. I knew I could trust this voice since this was apparently happening in my life and this voice apparently knew who I was and what my deal was.

"Eddie, you mustn't go to school later today..." said the unknown entity that was in the back of my mind.

"Why? Is something bad going to happen? Are my friends gonna be okay?" I asked, with a hint of concern.

"Oh, they'll be fine, they're not going either. What? Don't you remember? Going to school today after your admission test was OPTIONAL" It said.

"B-but... Wait a fucking second here, who are you? Am I talking to myself? Do I look crazy now?" I asked politely and not confused at all by what was happening.

"Oh, this is all going on in the back of your head, Eddie, on the outside, it just looks like you're a normal person going on with your day. Also, I cannot tell you my identity." It replied.

“So, what else can you tell me about myself, since you’re here in my mind and all…?” I asked.

“Oh, I can tell you that you will meet a lot of people, some good, some bad. You, though, I think right now you are a very troubled young man and you need to work on that.” It said, which caught me a little off guard.

And as soon as it said that, I snapped back to reality and decided that I wouldn’t go to school that day.

I didn’t do much later that day, I just went on with my life and read Spider-Man comics, like I usually did… It’s either that or I watched some YouTube or whatever.

I had a strange dream that night. I was in a classroom, with a bunch of faces that looked familiar, but then I slowly realized, I don’t know these people. I wanted to ask what was going on but words wouldn’t come out… And then the room went dark, everyone was outside and I also wanted to go, but as I tried to go outside, everyone suddenly disappeared, leaving me with a sense of sadness and loneliness… And then I saw a silhouette… Was this the voice in the back of my mind?

Well, let’s hope those dreams aren’t visions of the future. I never believed that “Dreams have meaning” bullcrap, I always thought “Dreams are just little movies that have no sense most of the time”, but after that night, I woke up in tears, tears I didn’t understand… So, I just wiped them off and got out of bed to start my day.

I did the usual, ate breakfast, did my homework, showered, posted on Daily Spider-Plush and got ready to go to school, which is where I saw my friends Kristopher, Christopher (I am not kidding about this), Aaron, Liz, and Ana.

Kristopher, my sidekick, is a nice young boy that is very kind and smart and funny and he is similar to me in the regard that he doesn’t swear much. He likes anime, I don’t. He isn’t as much of an

expert on Marvel, I am. We were good pals and we spoke a lot about life and its mysteries.

Christopher, a young boy that I swear was British but he never told us. He looked like the good influence your parents wanted you to hang out with, and he was super chill and funny and I had lots of respect towards the guy.

Aaron, Liz and Ana are good friends that talk about things like food, how Aaron is always on the verge of death, y'know, normal kid stuff. I loved those guys, we were always helping each other with homework and stuff and sharing snacks and talking about cool things like not Marvel.

We were all such good friends, believe it or not, we pretty much just walked around and spoke about classes and also some interesting commentary on society, economics, and politi- We probably spoke about which video games we were gonna play when we got home.

I also knew this guy, his name was Jairo, and he was into comics and stuff and I think he knew how to draw, and he was also just a BEAST for sports

One time, I was at school, chilling, during recess, when I saw everyone about to fight and argue... Apparently my group got into beef with another group and they were all gonna beat the shit out of each other later that night. I remember trying to convince my pal Kristopher not to do it but he was persistent...

Later that night, I found out that nobody actually fought anybody, and they all chickened out.

The most embarrassing part about this chapter is that I don't remember much about my last few days at this school.

I remember my last math class, when my teacher was just giving us some life advice that was gonna be useful in the future, and he ended his amazing motivational speech with "And kids... Please, don't get married ever" and everyone cheered.

I remember being terrified of history class, because I hadn't done ANY work, but then I realized that history class was kinda fun, and the teacher was so smart and knew how to do his job and shit.

I remember the girl that got away, she was beautiful, she was smart, she was charming... I never had the courage to tell this to anyone until the first autobio. I remember that one time I was walking down the hall and her 2 friends said "OOoh, Eddie, she wants your Instagram!" and I even wrote it down, but then the tingling in the back of my brain started happening again...

"What? Why now?" I asked the beam of light, slightly confused.

"Don't do it" Said the voice, in a bit of an angry tone.

"Why not? I love this girl and she's cute and I want to talk to her!" I said.

"My guy, you can't even take care of yourself, and you only talk about Spider-Man all day, why would she want you?" Said the entity in my mind.

"I guess you're right" I replied, in a bit of a disappointed tone.

And then I tore apart the piece of paper and threw it in the nearest garbage can.

I remember one random anecdote, we had a pizza party and I thought I'd keep a box of pizza to myself, but some kid walked up to me and asked "Hey, could I have a slice or two?" and I decided to give the whole box to him and his friends, they even asked for my name and we had a nice greeting. Nice guys.

I remember another amusing anecdote, I was with this kid named Alan and we were talking about some thing or other and he brings up the topic of porn (Hey, we were like 14) and he asks what I wank to (I wasn't wanking at that time) and I say nothing (Hey, I'm being honest) but the thing about getting asked what porn you watch is that no one ever believes you when you say you don't watch any kind of porn, so he just assumed I wanked to

Spider-Woman and went with that. I don't know why that stuck in the back of my mind, but hey, if I'm making a tribute to my teenage years, I'm going all out and telling most of my memories, and this is one of them.

Nothing really exciting outside of school other than getting to see the new Batman movie by Matt Reeves, and trying the bat shaped calzone, and afterwards playing Spider-Man (2002) for the original Xbox... Which then my sister Alice decided to keep, leaving me with a Spider-Man game I couldn't play. Years later, I gave the game to my closest friend as a late birthday present because he has an OG Xbox and I don't.

My last day of class was uneventful other than the fact that I totally saved one of my classes by gifting my teacher some books for his collection that he keeps in the classroom cabinet.

And also our principal totally shit talked all of us for the last 2 hours, but that's inconsequential since we turned out just fine.

None of the people I really wanted to see again ended up in the same high school as we did.

We didn't have a graduation party or much of a ceremony, we just walked into an office and they gave me a certificate and they took a picture of me and my grandfather and that's it. Understandable since this was right after a global pandemic almost killed everyone..

Wait! High School admission results came back! Did I get in? Yes. Well, I can now move on with my life and enjoy my sweet little summer break.

Seeing as I didn't have a lot of entertainment and I didn't have an Xbox to play Spider-Man, most of my entertainment came from Twitter and reading comics for children.

A few days after summer break began, I went to my cousin's house, and we had lots of fun. We played a lot of Mario Maker and Super Smash Bros together and he even let me have his NES

Classic (Bootleg) because he said he really hated it... I hated it too and just fixed my official one a few years later.

High School had officially begun in August of 2022 and I was officially no longer taking afternoon classes.

My first day started off a little bit confusing, so I found some of my classmates (who had all landed in different groups) and asked them where to go and what to do.

I landed in my classroom with a bunch of new people and none of the people that I knew... Well, this sucks already because I don't want to talk to anyone here. Maybe during recess I can find my old friends and ask them to introduce me to some new people.

I met up with my friend Salvador, who I wasn't as close to but I still thought he was fun to talk to and a very nice guy... He was also into marvel and he was very social. We spoke about Spider-Man for a while and we ran into a guy from my class, his name was (is) Alan. He was looking pretty lonely, so Salvador turned to me and said "Hey, maybe you should talk to this guy and make a new friend!"

And talk to ol' Alan I did, but it didn't really last much since we had about as much chemistry as electricity (which doesn't have any) but I still thought this guy was pretty damn cool, and he was fucking muscular as hell, he could easily fight everyone that was in that classroom and win. I also had lots of respect for him, he was funny and relaxed. Somewhere along my stay at this high school we asked if he liked Marvel, and he said his knowledge was very limited. Shucks, I guess we can't bond over that. Nor could we really bond over much else but I still thought he was funny and emotionally reliable.

The worst thing you can do as a teacher is force these kids that don't really know each other to focus on a group project. I joined with these kids called Jovanny, Dominick, Jorge and some

other guys I will talk about later. Well, we all had a few laughs and shit and we fucked around and we got our work assignment done.

I was a bit nervous, I didn't really know these guys and I was just scared that they were gonna become my bullies or something, but honestly they were so chill.

Then this guy Dominick was in need of some paper tissue and then he saw ME, who had a shit ton of paper towels on my desk, and I, a tiny little rascal, just used them all at the same time, leaving no paper towels for him... In my defense, I didn't know he needed them, but it led to a pretty funny story.

I remember the teacher had a voice crack and we were all on the verge of hiding it... I am pretty good at hiding my laughter but then I saw Dominick trying to hold in his stupid ass laughter and tragically failing. Yeah, he was kicked outta the classroom.

When I was a little lonely, I would usually just go on Twitter or play Sonic The Hedgehog 2 via the mobile port.

Well, nothing very eventful really happened other than the fact that I now had people I could sometimes exchange small talk with, which was pretty cool beans, I guess but I still felt like I was gonna be the outcast of this group.

I wasn't into violent video games or jokes about jerking off and things that everyone else was, I was just the kid that likes showing off his Spider-Man comics and read them in public like he was trying to make his new "vibe".

I guess one small thing happened during that first week, I was waiting for my grandfather to pick me up from school, when I saw this guy walk up to me and say...

"Long time no see, huh?" said the man

And as soon as he said that, it clicked. "Rodrigo? HOLY SHIT!" It's been like, 5 years since I last saw you?"

Yep, this smart man that just walked up to me was my old best friend from elementary school, the one I just randomly waved

to on the first day of school, and his mom asked “Do you know that kid?” and he told her “No” and we just started talking from there and became best friends all those years ago. He never found my Google+ so we never really connected outside of school.

I realized that this new school was a huge place where I could meet all of the old faces from many years ago while meeting new faces at the same time.

Oh, and I never saw Dominick again aside from the usual visit where he would usually bring up the napkin story.

I had one free week where I could literally do whatever I wanted before school started again, and I didn’t really do much that week other than sit on my ass and post Daily Spider-Plush and play Sonic Heroes all day.

No Way Down

One normal afternoon, this group of girly girls from my class are gossipping, which isn't unheard of from a group of high schoolers. Hell, I've done it a few times, but let's have a listen to what these girls are saying... "Say, that new Eddie guy is so weird and quiet and awkward... Do you think he's mentally retarded?" and as soon as they say that, I walk by, not hearing them and not giving a fucking shit. That is the story that one of my friends told me, apparently this happened during my first semester.

The first day of normal High School began on a warm August day in 2022, and I... knew like 3 people there. It was kind of awkward. I remember —and it was pretty funny— I was walking to an office to pick up some stuff, and when I walked out, these random guys just started high-fiving me and asking if I was walking straight outta kindergarten, and I replied with "Hell yeah brotha" and moved on with my life. Hey, I was able to find some amusement!

Well, I guess I'm not making any friends on my first day. Nor did I make any friends on my second day, but I did talk to people and I did make connections, but no one to talk with heart-to-heart.

There was this kid, his name was Andres —He will be important later— and we spoke from time to time. Let me describe him to you, because he's an important character, believe it or not (Just not for the beginning of this chapter). He is into Kirby and Nintendo games, he is the second smartest kid in class, he is friendly and easy to talk to and it's pretty hard to make him mad —this is something I have succeeded in— and he was apparently incapable of getting offended because he doesn't really care what anyone else thinks of him.

I sat very far away from Andres (for now) and pretty much just lived my own life. For now. I remember one time I was sitting down peacefully and I look behind me and see one of those cutesy

couples completely slobbering over each other and I'm just like "what the fuck, can't you do this somewhere else? I'm trying to study" but I didn't realize I actually whispered it and the girl got mad at me for a few seconds. Never saw either of those two kids again. I mean, you can't really fucking blame me for being weirded out by this, I mean, it was happening right behind me, and anyone can see you guys putting your nasty ass mouths together like if this was a movie. This is the kinda stuff you do in the comfort of your homes, not in a classroom.

One time I was peacefully sitting on my desk like usual when I see this kid, taller and more muscular than me, and also a bit of a rascal, and he just decides "I'm gonna rest my head on YOUR desk and pretend I'm sleeping" and I immediately think if I should either slap him or kiss him like in the Spider-Man movie but instead I just wait until he moves his stupid ass head away. I never saw him again after a few days.

Classes were okay, with the exception of English class, surprisingly enough. I like English classes, all thanks to my beautiful teacher in elementary school. It was thanks to her that I realized that learning the English language was the most fun thing ever. Most people learn English through video games, I learned thanks to school... Sure wish I could say that about my first semester here. First of all, who thought it was a good idea to have the principal be the teacher? The problem with having such an important figure as a teacher is that he has a lot of important business meetings and stuff, so he very rarely shows up. One time I forgot we had homework and I didn't do it and I tried to turn it in late but that motherfucker had already uploaded our grades and I had a big fat zero. In the class where I would usually have a perfect score.

One time I was chilling in between classes and he asked me to follow him... I was like "I'm either gonna get yelled at or he's

gonna do something horrible" because those are your only thoughts when the principal tells you to visit him. Instead, he told me "I'll update your grade so that you aren't stuck with a zero" and he did just that, so he wasn't all bad. Nor was he bad as a principal, just a bad teacher.

Well, sure, that's kinda cool but what about your social life, Eddie? Be patient, fuckhead.

I wasn't really becoming friends, I would just usually chip in to a conversation every now and then and I would act surprised when people remembered my name. I remember the class rep (whom I don't remember voting for), his name was Alexander, and he walked into the classroom one day and just high fived me out of nowhere as a joke, and I thought it was startling but pretty funny in retrospect.

During one of my usual days of looking miserable and gloomy, I guess some of my classmates must've felt a lot of pity for me, because one time, I was just minding my own business, I don't know what I was doing, but someone taps me in the shoulder and says "Hey, these girls want you to sit next to them" and I was like "Sure." and sat down very far away from where I originally was, and I started talking to these nice girls, their names being Liz, Montserrat, and this third girl I don't remember the name of, but she was blonde and nice and such. No, I had no intention of dating any of these girls, I just wanted to be their friends.

Well, there I am, letting them know things about me and letting them know about how much I REALLY fucking like Spider-Man comics.

I guess the rest of my first semester went pretty well, let's talk about some of my other classes:

Reading comprehension was taught by everyone's favorite teacher, Luz. She was honestly really strict with how our work should be done, and I guess that's fine. I liked reading so this was

okay for me. I remember the first time she walked into our classroom, nobody was sitting on their designated desks, and she just started saying things like "Well, what are you all waiting for? Sit down! Quick!" Some days she was less strict, some days you didn't even want to say anything. But I guess it has been like 4 years, so I forgive her.

Algebra was taught by a man named Neicker, whom I thought was really cool and surprisingly enough, I actually LEARNED stuff here... Which was all thrown away as soon as I got to my second semester, so bye. Cool guy, though. He would say funny shit every once in a while. I remember being quite surprised that I got like a 9 in Algebra, I used to not know what the fuck was going on.

Logics was a class taught by a teacher called Nabila, who was funny sometimes, strict sometimes. I almost failed her class like twice but I made it through just fine.

English is one subject I already talked about so it doesn't need me talking about it again.

I guess the rest of these subjects were irrelevant to whatever it was that was going on in my life, and I pretty much already explained English class and what happened with that, so I think it's best if we just move on with my friendships.

Eh, I guess I talked to Alexander, and sometimes I would talk to Andres, and everyone else, I had a bit of a healthy communication with everyone in the classroom, and being friends with these 2 girls Montse and Liz was very sweet, we got to talk about our interests and aspirations in life and the walk home from school became less lonely.

Very early on during the semester, our first controversy struck, because some money was stolen from one of the girls there, so everyone there had to be yelled at. I'm pretty sure this shit

followed us up until our last semester and we never found out who did it or what happened to that money.

A similar controversy struck when one time, the principal and like 2 other people came into our classroom with confiscated backpacks with penises drawn on them, and they gave us a long ass talk about how this isn't okay and how we shouldn't be drawing this shit. And they wouldn't let us go until the culprit came out, and if the culprit didn't come out, we were all suspended until the next Monday. The culprit came out and he was the only one suspended.

Other than that, I guess the rest of the semester went smoothly and nicely, I remember the last day, Alexander was there with his friends, and I was there, occasionally chipping in some small talk, and a thing that made me like 0.01% emotional was this guy saying "Guys, I just wanna know one thing, was I a good class rep?" I thought he was, he was smart, funny, kind, I'd say he was a positive role model. I still have his Facebook, we don't really talk, so now I have this random guy as a Facebook friend. I hope he still at least remembers us.

I didn't do much for winter break, so let me just break down some events that happened from November of 2022 to January of 2023...

One random ass Tuesday, I was sitting at home, on my ass, looking at some YouTube videos, as I always did. Right then and there, in my recommended, was a video called "*Will SonAmy Become Official In Sonic Frontiers?*" and my finger thought "I'm gonna go misclick this vid" and right as I was about to scroll away, my finger slipped and I saw this video full, and I just accepted it. My second thought was "This is stupid. This video is stupid. This youtuber is stupid" and I was about to leave a mean comment, but then I remembered "Eddie, you've never done that before, why start now? Just don't" and I kept my stupid comments in my pocket.

The next day, I was looking for videos about Sonic The Hedgehog or whatever and I saw this stream titled "*skull902 Livestream 11-2-22 (w/Shadoukun) [Sonic Adventure 2]*" and I thought "I'm gonna go join that stream and say hello and run away, I mean, the chances of getting noticed were like super low" and I said hi, and as soon as I heard this man say "Hello Ultimate Spider-Plush" I knew that I couldn't walk (or I guess click) away... I mean, nothing was physically stopping me from running away but it felt a little awkward saying "what's up" and not saying anything else.

I then started snooping around on his channel because I was bored and I saw that he had at least 2 Spider-Man videos where he gave us some slightly good advice, they were titled.... *Spider-Man's Slightly Good Advice*. I then asked him if he would ever make another video like that and he said no. Years later, I asked again and he said no again, and then I asked again and got the same result, so at this point I'm just gonna continue this series myself, I have a script ready and I have plenty of Spider-Man toys, and since I know a decent amount of info on both comedy and comic books, I think I'm the right man for the job of continuing this. Oh, skull has other videos about Sonic games and ducks too.

And so, that is how I started watching skull902. How is this relevant? I guess it isn't, but this man has watched me grow up and change from being the guy that says random shit and does weird shit online to becoming the guy that still kinda does that but tries to hold an actual useful conversation. I've met many wonderful people and found many incredible content creators through this guy, and he does stuff for a great cause like his Extra Life events, so I highly suggest checking out his content.

Other than that, nothing very eventful happened during winter break that year other than me finding out about this guy, so

I guess it's time for me to talk about my second semester of high school.

My first day took place in late January of 2023, a very cold Monday, and the classroom we had to use for the first 2 hours and literally for most of the day every day was this one laboratory where kids would usually build their silly little circuits with their expensive-ass electronic equipment. My first thought was "I'm gonna take a seat" but I was out of luck, in fact, 90% of the class was out of luck, since the only 2 chairs in class were already taken, so we just stood still for 2 hours in the freezing classroom. Not very ideal conditions and standing still for too long gives you some discomfort on your feet, so I wasn't particularly fond of this class. Oh, and if you tried to bring a stool or anywhere to sit, you were guaranteed to be told that you can't do that. But some teachers were kind enough to let us sit down, that is if we were lucky enough to have a stool.

I guess my first few days were pretty uneventful other than the fact that me, Montse and Liz kinda started growing apart, not because there was any bad blood, we just stopped hanging out often, I guess. I would still talk to them if I had to, they were really cool.

There was this one class that I don't even remember the name of, but we needed a team of three, and a specific piece of paper with important information that we were supposed to take into consideration if we wanted to build this very complicated circuit with lots of extremely fragile components, and we had to use very complicated and expensive machinery- We only had to figure out how to turn on ONE small LED light. Very important assignment, yet a very simple one... Hey, wait a second, I don't have a team here, nor do I have this piece of paper! I need that paper, if I don't have it, they won't even let me enter the lab! Whatever shall I do...

I stand outside the classroom, thinking of asking the next people that pass by if I can join their stupid little team, and that is when they spotted me, this man Andres, and this new guy that wasn't here during our last semester, and they say "Hey, we have this piece of paper, and we need one more member for the team! Why don't you join us?"

"Oh, you lifesavers, sure." I said. Now I have a new team with a guy that looks friendly and a guy that looks slightly less friendly but still willing to talk to people. So, who is this new guy? I never saw him up until this point.

This new guy is called Sebastian, a man that looks like Peter Parker from the Earth-1610 Ultimate Universe —-and I hate that I have to specify which Ultimate Universe I'm talking about now—- He asked for my name and what I do for fun and shit, a very formal presentation. My first impression of this guy was "He's weird, but at least he seems to be a nice and formal guy". He seems to have known Andres for a long time, since I saw them talking back then and they were like best friends, they had their own inside jokes, and I was just a shy, reclusive piece of shit standing right next to them, sometimes listening in or adding something to the conversation.

I now had these work partners, Andres, a man that no matter what other classmates say or even do to him, he always had a smile on his face and he was always willing to help people with their complicated circuitry. He wouldn't share his homework with us but he would help us understand how it should be done and how everything worked. He didn't seem to give a shit if you insulted him or called him weird, he lived in his own happy little world, and he wasn't afraid of Hello Kitty merchandise and pink stuff. And he was tall too, he is so damn tall. I bet you could have punched him in the face and he still would've walked off with a smile on his face. I wouldn't recommend punching him in the face, that's rude.

Sebastian wasn't as smart as Andy, I'd say, but he was still willing to learn new things and he would try to work hard. He was a bit shy but he was more extroverted than I was. He sometimes did and said weird shit and he didn't really care what anyone thought. Oh, and almost every week he had a new inside joke with Andy, and I wanted to know more inside jokes with them so I started socializing with them a lot more. It was through this guy that I found out that there is a very specific website that specializes in pornographic comics... I found it more hilarious than concerning back then, if I'm being honest.

Seeing how I now had 2 people I could talk to in case I felt lonely, I decided to ask them if they knew Spider-Man... Andy said "Well, I'm not like a super fan but I know a little bit", which didn't really seem like we could have a full conversation about the character. Maybe Sebastian will say something else? Maybe he will be super obsessed like I am! "Well, to be completely honest, I never took interest in comic book superheroes, I am more into sports and stuff" Well, I guess we won't be able to bond over Spider-Man, so we'll just talk about life, I guess. I'm only a little disappointed.

And then came this one guy that we were forced to include in our team, none of us enjoyed his presence and I myself managed to make my disgust at his person known to him. I'm afraid of him ever finding out that I wrote this here so I'm not gonna mention him by name, so we are just going to call him Boss, because that is all he wore, fucking Hugo Boss left a trauma on me that I shall never recover from.

With this guy in my team, it was him being a bit of a dick. First of all, I think it was him who asked Andy if he was gay or something because of his Hello Kitty merchandise and keychains and stuff, to which Andy responded with "No, I just like it". He was chill with Sebastian, maybe he knew that this guy could actually fight back. With me? I fucking hated this guy, he never added

useful input to the team and he just went off and started flexing his ugly ass clothes and expensive perfume. And this guy said some pretty hurtful shit that I don't even want to remember, it left me a bit of a scar, but I do not care anymore, I never have to see this guy again!

He also thought I was a bit immature because of my love for Spider-Man, to which I tried to not give a shit but it really hurt. Do I really want people to think I was immature? He sometimes teased me about it, and sometimes, when he teased me, Sebastian would come along and ALSO tease me, that motherfucker, he will try to deny it now, but he also did some teasing, but I'm glad we managed to stay friends.

Thinking back, was this really that bad? Did I feel bullied? Well, I guess, but it was at that point that I legit just dealt with it and I tried to avoid this Boss guy as much as I could. I guess I also tried to avoid him because I was afraid he would one day pull out a gun on me or beat the shit out of me or taze me, because he looked like the kinda guy with access to firearms.

I guess things were going fine, however, I didn't really have like the determination or the willpower to do electronics stuff, didn't feel super passionate for it, but I felt bad letting Andy and Seb do all the work for me, which leads to us getting the same grade even though some put more work than others. Doesn't really sound fair, now, does it?

What wasn't going fine was my reading comprehension class (I think it was). I LOVE reading and writing, so why was I failing in this class? I ask myself that question often, but I seem to be doing better in similar subjects, so why was I fucking this one up? I guess I just wasn't as passionate about it back then.

I don't remember the rest of this semester, but we did our final project and we were allowed to go on our summer break. I wasn't really close with Andy or Sebastian, nor did I really have any

way of contacting them, so I was left in my own little world while these guys were on Discord playing a bunch of video games.

The day to pick up my grades came, and I was sure I was only supposed to do a little exam to pass my failing grade for Reading Class, I mean, it's not like I had to take a summer course.... In theory.

"Hey, why does it say I need the summer course? This must be some kinda mistake"

"Oh, I accidentally put only 3 in your class attendance report instead of putting the 3 in your grade, sorry kid, you're gonna have to do the summer course."

Well, I guess I'll just go fuck myself.

The day of the summer course came and I entered the classroom and the teacher looked at me and said "What are you doing here?" but she said it in a tone that sounded like she was talking to some convict.

The summer course went just fine, the teacher was late most of the time and sometimes she would just straight up cancel. The last day was the test that determined if you were good to go or you had to go piss off next semester. First of all, the guard there didn't let me enter the school because I had to put on my school uniform shirt, and I didn't have it under my hoodie.... What was the fucking problem? Anyway, I went home, put on my shirt under my hoodie and went back to school only to realize that it has been an hour and the teacher is still not here to give me a test I didn't even study for. Well, the test finally came, it was easy, and it was over, and I felt a glorious feeling of freedom even though the course was 2 hours every day for only 2 weeks, so it didn't really affect me.

I felt totally fine being alone in my little world for the rest of the summer break, I felt like I was finally making new friends, lots of 'em, there truly was no way down.

Winter's Long Sigh

7 A.M. is that time where the sun is already smiling at you but the weather is still a little bit cold. Well, here I was, on my first day of my third semester here, super interested in socializing and getting my grades up. My grades weren't necessarily BAD, they were just... Average. I guess I was also looking forward to spending more time and talking with Sebastian and Andres, and maybe even getting to make new friendships and form new bonds.

This is the semester I didn't want to remember, but I am doing it anyway, for YOUR sake. Well, this wasn't a very eventful semester, in complete honesty, but it was a bit painful, if you ask me.

The problem with this one was that it involved teamwork, a very tedious way of team work and it led to a very rocky road.

God, this fucking semester made me remember a very funny story from very early on. I remember Ethics class, taught by a lady that I don't think actually showed up to many classes, but here she was, making us present our ideas for our own political party. Y'know something, most political parties end up flinging shit at each other on every campaign, and having a bunch of teenagers team up and build their fictional political parties is just gonna end up fine, because now you can bully people and it'll be part of your grade.

I really wanted to make this political party with Sebastian and Andy but we were not allowed to pick our own teams, so I was left with the motherfucker from hell Boss, a guy who was also named Eddie (We will be calling him Ever) and Lizeth. Our chemistry was nonexistent because I hated Boss' guts, Ever and I were also working on electronics (neither of us was very good at it and we both ended up failing) and Liz was nice to me before.

First of all, our ideas for it were pretty standard. Bring prices down on the school cafeteria, remodeling certain places in the school, y'know, standard promises from a political party... Our teacher fucking HATED this political party due to the fact that it didn't look like we put much effort on it, which is fair, I don't think we did, but what isn't so justified was that she started pointing out the fact that everyone in the team had almost failed her class, she didn't mention anything about me in particular, but I still felt pretty bad for the fact that my team had been humiliated like that.

I still wasn't afraid of calling Boss a bitch, because that is how I felt about him, I remember one time, we were arguing about some shit that I don't care about, and he just fucking said to me "With everything I could say about you, you'd kill yourself" and that just made my disgust for him more apparent. He also teased me about my love for Spider-Man and did the stupid hand gesture, it pissed me off so much. Ever and I would also fight because of stupid ass teenager reasons. As you get older, you realize that most of the things you fought about as teens don't really involve anything important or significant, but we used to fight about how we were both stupid or lazy or annoying. Not like fist fights, but I swear I almost punched this guy like 4 times.

The comeback of the century came when we finally had the chance to do this assignment again, and we started brainstorming hard and we made this idea of a political party that just tries to hand out as much economic assistance to people as possible. Sounds ideal but also sounds a bit unrealistic to me.

The day of presenting this idea came and we were just about to give our amazing insight to the class, but Boss was not there, which was weird because we were pretty sure that he definitely had come to school that day... But he was strangely missing from the classroom... And that is when I saw it, one of the most amusing sights in years.

This man had gone to the school cafeteria and had purchased their entire stock of Dorito bags, and he was trying to fucking hide them in a transparent plastic bag. When I first saw this, I was like "Oh my god" and just started laughing uncontrollably. We all got an A.

It looked like I was totally fucked in every other class, though, I was failing a lot of them, and it doesn't look like I'm gonna be doing much better soon.

To take my mind off of my failing subjects, I went to the flea market one saturday and I went to my usual stand, a nice stand with a really cool guy that sold computer parts, earphones, chargers and comic books. I sometimes bought chargers and I even got a game controller, but this particular Saturday, I had picked up a very interesting comic book titled The Amazing Spider-Man: Coming Home written by J. Michael Straczynski and drawn by John Romita Jr.

As a life-long comic book fan, I had heard so many interesting things regarding Straczynski's run on Spider-Man, and I had heard that it was apparently the best comic book run of all time or whatever... Or at least the first half, because the second half of the run had things like Sins Past, One More Day and that really crappy Loki storyline. Personally, I had not read this run at the time, and I didn't really understand why it was so critically acclaimed.

And so, one day, I was bored between classes and our teacher for the next class was absent, so I opened up my copy of this comic and started reading. What I found in that story completely changed my perspective and my view on this character that I had pretty much loved all my life, and it felt so good. Morlun was the very first Spidey villain that really made me wonder "How is Spider-Man gonna beat this guy?" and it just blew me away how someone could write something so good.

I read that story now and while it's hard for me to feel the way I did when I first read it, I still look back at it and think "Wow, that is a really good story". It just made me love this franchise even more.

Then I snapped back to reality and realized that I am still in this miserable classroom with like 3 failing subjects and multiple conflicts with other classmates.

But honestly, a lot of those evenings didn't really feel that bad. Near this classroom there was this big empty area with a lot of chairs and desks that was usually abandoned and me and my friends would just hang out and act like total issues.

During this semester I got to get closer with these beautiful people and we really were close to building our own little club with Andy, Sebas, Myself, this guy named Jesus, this girl named Karla, Liz, and Montse. It was very fun, we all were getting along well and we would joke around and hang out between classes. I was usually just the reclusive guy that would never decide to go to hangouts with these guys, I was still the type of guy that would just chill at home and watch more skull902 or something.

Let me tell you about Jesus, whom we'll be calling Chuy from now on. This man was someone that I always had lots of respect for. He was tall and buff as hell, which was weird because according to him, he didn't really work out and instead he just had good genes. I did not want to piss off this guy, he could probably just snap directly in my face to send me flying and crashing out the window. Still, he was a friendly guy that was into anime and cartoons and Sonic The Hedgehog. He was the one that was teased by the girls for liking Sonic. He was friendly, he was easy to talk to and not violent. However, he swore that if anyone tried to hurt us, he would step up for our defense. How nice.

Karla was a slightly shy yet funny funny girl that was friends with Liz and Montse, they pretty much had their own terrific trio

that would help each other with homework and talk about girly stuff like how many pretty and pink cartoons they were gonna watch when they got home, I wouldn't know since I'm not a girl and I never really understood their aspirations in life, but we were all good friends. She likes those YouTubers from Spain like AuronPlay and ElRubiusOMG, who have kinda sorta become international icons, and that reminds me that I also like those guys.

Well, we had our own friend group of four guys (Me, Chuy, Andy, Sebas) and three girls (Montse, Liz, Karla) plus this other girl that I stopped seeing after a while, not sure why, I only had ONE conversation with her and I barely even remember her name. Sorry, whoever you were.

So, we had our club, maybe even our own cult, and we were all inseparable... I mean, I still felt like the odd one out because I only listened to these guys and hung out near them, but I still went out to their little get-togethers, which were usually just chilling at the park and having picnics with whatever we could get, it was so fun doing that for the first time.

Academically, I was still fighting with Ever and stuff and it was just not fun. The electronics teacher was probably super fed up with most of us, who were pretty much all failing her class.

I myself was failing a lot of classes, and there wasn't much hope for myself... That is what I thought, at least. Y'see, the school had decided to do a little giveaway, whoever bought some stupid ass tickets had a chance to win a Nintendo Switch, a PlayStation 5 or a TV, and whoever sold three tickets had the amazing chance to get at least 1 point up in their grade (our grading system was 10 points as the maximum). I abused the SHIT out of this ticket sale thing and bought enough tickets for me to save every grade from maths to subjects that I wasn't even failing.

However, the subject I couldn't save was electronics. Teacher didn't let us gain points in her subject with these ticket sales, and I

ultimately ended up failing her class, and I had to do the summer course.

I thought "Well, it's only 2 hours a day for 2 weeks, it can't be that bad, plus it's only one subject". Then the day of getting my report card came, and I entered that office with a look that wasn't too exciting, but wasn't too gloomy. I looked down at my report card... Reading II again? What did I do? I mean, everything went well, this must be some sort of mistake, it can't be, I am NOT taking this summer course again, please fix this, lady.

"Uhm, if it's written on the report card, then you MUST do it" said the lady in the office. "Please consult with your teacher if you think this is a mistake"

I sprinted out of the office and looked for that teacher to ask her what the fuck happened. "Hi, what the fuck did you do?" I said in my mind, what I really said was "Hi, is this a mistake on your part? Can you help me fix this? You saw me at the last summer course, I was there, you gave me my grade, I don't have to do this again".

"Okay, let me check." She said, and she took a long ass time to check, and by the time she came back, this is what she said: "Oops, looks like it didn't register correctly, so you're gonna have to do it ALL OVER AGAIN. And you're gonna have to pay for it again." Fuck this. I think about it and it is still bullshit all these years later, I was pissed all day.

A few days later, me, Chuy, Liz, Montse, Karla- I might as well just say ALL OF US had a picnic where we wished Liz a happy birthday, and I almost fucked up the surprise party.

I guess the Christmas season that year was fine, I mean, I don't really remember anything significant, and I still wasn't hanging out with these guys outside of school, so I don't know what I was doing. Was I just sitting in a chair doing nothing all day? Well, I guess I was doing the whole review blog thing, but I can't say

that's very significant since nobody ever saw all my efforts. Still, I quite enjoyed writing the three year anniversary specials.

As mentioned in the first chapter, it was somewhere in 2023 (I believe it was September), I watched the first two episodes of Neon Genesis Evangelion (which were the least life-changing episodes), that is probably the only significant thing I did outside of school.

January came, and it was cold, so cold. Very early during the month, I had to do my summer course, and let me check the schedule... Hmm, what the fuck? Why 5 PM to 7 PM for Reading Comprehension?

I was devastated and honestly concerned about that schedule, it wasn't a very acceptable schedule, if you asked me. I had to take a 2 week break from Daily Spider-Plush, and looking back now, that break was... Completely unnecessary, I could've just scheduled 2 weeks of content.

And I look back at those two weeks, they honestly felt pretty damn good, it was actually fun. Unlike my last summer course, this one was taught by a teacher that actually liked her students and she was actually smart and helpful towards us, it was pretty great, I felt like I actually had some philosophical insight and it felt pretty euphoric somehow, walking home from school while the sun was setting, listening to Weezer's Buddy Holly on the way home.

Fourth semester was when I really started hanging out with these people and sharing our social medias, it was fun going to the mall and going to buy these cool things that we still own, like this little Goku plushie that was like a child to Chuy, it was funny and I believe we even made an Instagram for him... I say we, but it was just him.

I really can't tell you much about my classes other than the fact that I really started to finally understand the world of electronics, but don't ask me anything about it now because I wouldn't be able to tell you. But this was a time where I really was

starting to get my shit together. I don't think I failed a single subject this semester, it was that fun.

We had physics class taught by this very kind man that I don't remember the name of, and he was so smart and useful and actually made physics and science easy to understand, it was like I was finally good at a subject that wasn't English

It was around this semester that Sebas, Andy and I had discovered this fun place called Food4Less, it was a place that sold food from the US for a lower price, it was like striking gold. Every time we had money and time, we would go there and buy as many snacks as we could for a very low price, I don't think any of us spent over 2 dollars. How this place manages to stay in business is a mystery to me, maybe it has a lot of customers. It became our tradition that followed us until our last semester. Here are some memories of going to this place:

We were chilling outside, we had this sorta ritual where we would try our purchased goods outside of the store, and we were doing just that when the owner walks up with a giant box of potato chips and says "Grab as much as you can for free or else this will all be thrown away" and you better believe we filled up our backpacks with all this stuff, I believe I even posted it on Twitter once.

One time we saw that the Paqui One Chip Challenge was on sale, and I didn't WANT to try it, none of us did... So, we ended up buying it anyway and trying it outside of the store as our Food4Less ritual. "Oh, this chip doesn't feel too ba- FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK" We were sweating, hurting, crying, we were in actual physical pain, I believe the left side of my mouth went entirely numb, and the store owner had to give us water. And then we all went home still burning.

Back to the semester, it really was fun, but you can't help but feel an "End of the world" feeling when the semester is about to

end. I guess it felt like that for me because I still didn't have that much of a connection with these people, but now at least I had their Discords or something like that.

We did this project where we powered a photo booth with a solar panel, and we even had a printer connected to this solar panel. It was pretty cool, but Andy couldn't figure out how to implement the camera. So then I asked him "Have you thought of using a webcam?" and he said "Actually, no..." and I thought he was being sarcastic, but then it turns out that he really hadn't thought of using a webcam, and that is how I saved our final project.

College Admission

One fear that always crossed my mind between semesters, even if my classmates were the same guys, was the fear of getting bullied or belittled by the other classmates. What if they think I'm weird? Well, when you get to connect with so many of your classmates, that concern slowly goes away between each semester, especially if you have close friends that are strong as hell.

I guess I already knew the jist of things by the time I got to my fifth semester of high school, and it began just like every other semester, with me meeting my friends and getting along with new people.

Pretty much everything was the same shit at this point except for a new teacher I hadn't seen before, and his name is Hector, who pretty much just had us work as a team and make things with Arduino, and the thing about using Arduino is that sometimes you do shit by the letter and it still somehow just doesn't want to work, I'm guessing Arduino just has a mind of its own and it will decide if it wants you to pass this subject. Lucky for us, it eventually worked well, or at least to a point where it was good enough to pass.

We had a science teacher that had a very strict way for us to write down the date, if I recall correctly... I mean, I'm pretty sure I wrote it however the fuck I wanted, but I don't think he noticed.

English classes were the most notable for me, they were taught by this very nice teacher whom I unfortunately don't remember the name of, but what I don't forget were the typing and writing lessons that I learned from her, I picked up on some stuff that I didn't even know was possible with this language, it is the reason why I always write the pronoun "I" as uppercase. Bless this teacher's heart, she once pulled me aside to ask me how I knew and spoke English so fluently, and I pretty much had to explain to

her how over 7 years of social media usage had made me fluent in English, and she asked what kinda stuff I tweeted, and I had to be brutally honest when I told her I had the pottiest potty mouth that mankind has ever known when I log into my Twitter.

Me, Chuy, Seb and the others felt like family now, going out to eat or shopping multiple times a week and sometimes hanging out at Andy's home, it felt pretty damn good.

Something I kept seeing when I saw Andy and Seb's phones is that they were in this group chat called Rissey, and it always intrigued me because I always held out hope that one day, I could be added to this group chat.

I had met with other members of this group chat before, I was chilling with Andy and Seb at the park and eventually I met this guy called Axel, who drinks a lot of Monster Energy and dresses like he goes out to the skater park every friday. My first impression was "This guy is fucking hilarious, he talks about Skibidi Toilet and seems to bring out the worst in Andy" he brought out a side of Andy and Seb that I hadn't seen before, it was like the same as how they were in class but with less restraint.

I really started hanging out with Andy and Seb outside of school more, it was pretty cool. We would usually just hang out to talk about video games or future school projects. I remember feeling so normal about going over to Andy's house that he just said he was gonna host his amazing birthday party with all of his friends —not a full on invitation or anything— and I just went "Oh, I'll be there", basically inviting myself.

I met a bunch of people there, and a bunch of Rissey members that I still talk to to this day.

First off was this man named Edwin, who had known Andy and Seb since pretty much forever, and he's pretty much one of the founding fathers of Rissey. Since he was there from the beginning,

he pretty much was able to tell me the full lore of everything that happened before I met these guys, and it was pretty insane.

I also met Diana, a nice young girl that was always insulting and making fun of both Andy and Seb. In fact, most of these people were insulting poor Andy and Seb, to the point where it didn't look like friendly banter, but it was apparently okay with them because everyone had known each other for so long.

Camila is a girl that was pretty similar to Diana, mainly because they have similar views, and they also seem to like hating on poor Andy and Seb, it's honestly pretty funny. I've been to 2 of her birthday parties and honestly they're probably the most fun hangouts I've ever had in my life. The carne asada was good and everyone there had rap battles, and most of us got so drunk that we thought we were Irish for a moment. Just kidding, I did not drink.

Moce is a rap singer that is basically God in my eyes, he is genuinely talented and I've been to his concerts before, even if he's a small artist now, I think he has a good future. Also, he sometimes shows up to hangouts while high and says some of the funniest shit ever, which is something he also does while sober. He also seems to know much about comic books like I do.

London is this girl that I don't actually know much about, but she's friendly, she's funny, and she has sent me death threats online before.

In fact, all of these guys seemed to have sent me death threats before, except for Andy and Axel, whom I already spoke about. There's more members of Rissey, like this guy I saw maybe twice and then never again. His name was Alex, he looked 11 years old but he was actually our age, and he liked Sonic The Hedgehog games and Minecraft, so we kinda got along pretty well, but I'm not sure what happened to him.

Still, Andy's birthday party went pretty well, and I managed to exchange Discord usernames with everyone involved, and that is the day I finally became a member of this beautiful group that I had only seen through other people's phones. I went to being the loner that sometimes spoke with 2 weirdos about homework and Nintendo games to feeling like I was in the fucking Avengers.

Also, these guys have really nice homes.

Back in school, things with the other fellows, Chuy, Liz, Montse and Karla were going just great, we were like family. We used to go to the mall frequently. One time, I picked up this Spider-Man keychain, I showed everyone EXCEPT my family. And by the time Christmas came along, my brother gifted me the same keychain, and I did some of the best acting I ever did and pretended like I had never seen that keychain before... He found out that I already had it not long after.

Another fun hangout we had was on October 11th, 2024. Chuy had purchased tickets for the recent My Hero Academia movie, and it was the first time we ever snuck snacks into a movie theater... Well, I lied, I did it when we watched Spider-Man: Far From Home, but that is irrelevant to this topic of conversation seeing as that happened in 2019. Anyway, after the movie was over, I did not understand a single thing, but I still felt pretty happy about the experience, it was a nice moment to be alive... Oh, I didn't like the movie, and my friends beat the shit out of me for that.

Eventually, the semester had to end, but at least I wasn't gonna feel lonely or shitty anymore, because I could finally connect and talk to these people outside of school, and it was glorious. I was a happy man, probably the happiest man in the world. I did not fail a single subject.

Our final project was just a board game, and we made some sorta "Guess Who" type of game, and the electronic part about that was that we had a box that counted stuff that I don't

remember. I think we played it maybe once, and maybe I still have the card designs, but that will be shared another day.

The semester was finally over, and I already had a second family I could smile and share my laughs with, it was an amazing feeling. I'm sure you've felt like me at some point, and if you haven't... Well, just try bonding with someone and trust me, it'll feel just amazing, I trust these people with my lives.

It is at this point that I realized that every semester pretty much had its own theme. For my first semester, I guess you could say it had an ***awkward beginnings*** theme, most of that was pretty awkward since I had to get used to all this new stuff social-wise and education-wise. I mean, I was also going through some awkward changes because of puberty and such, but honestly, everyone went through puberty so do we really care?

My second semester had a theme of ***slight failure***, it felt like a bit of a rocky road due to that one failed subject, but the thing about rocky road is that it is still a damn good ice cream flavor, and the sweetness of it all came from making new friends that I didn't think I'd still be friends with after so long.

My third semester had the theme of ***absolute failure***, I failed 3 subjects on the first 2 months, then I kept failing one specific subject, and then I failed to save myself from that subject, and then I was bitten in the ass by that failed subject from my second semester, but the thing about failure is that you eventually get up again and move on, and I handled it like a champ.

My fourth semester was a semester about ***understanding***, because it finally felt like I wasn't gonna completely fuck up my stay in this school, and it also felt like a moment of connection between me and my friends, it was like I was finally part of their friend group instead of just "The guy that is there".

My fifth semester went completely and totally fine, actually. I even got closer to my friends and I even started going to their

birthday parties and such, we were all connected and friendos, because as we all know, friendship is magic. I thought it was all fun and joyful and we all loved each other and respected each other, so I guess the way to describe this one is ***connection and bonding***.

My last semester of high school had a theme of ***unity***, you'll see why in a moment.

It started off like any other semester, if you looked at us, you wouldn't have had any idea that it was gonna be our last semester. And it felt just like any other, we didn't really feel like the end was near or anything, it was very strange.

At this point, I was friends with Andy, Seb and the others, we were inseparable last semester, going to see movies together and stuff, but for some reason, that bond kinda started falling apart for some of them, and we unfortunately ended up separating from Chuy and Liz, for reasons I will not get into. Personally, I have no bad feelings towards these people because I have no reason to feel like they wronged me. Sure, they stepped out of line with some things they said, but honestly, I'll take that over the four months of loneliness I'll get into later.

However, a bit of a tingly feeling of worry and anxiety was coming up in the back of my mind, it slowly made me more and more worried because it could potentially affect my future as a person and as a student, and that was college admission.

Me and most of my friends already had a college in mind, and that was... Well, at the time of publishing, I am still studying here, so I'll just keep it a secret, but it was a college that I had known about since I was in elementary school. A college I had visited for a tour once where I got a sandwich and a can of juice when I was like 11. A college I had visited to see my sister's comedy routine when I was like 14, and a college I used to visit to see my brother's art projects. I wanted to be here, it looked quite fun and it

was quite close to home. Not close enough to walk home, but close enough for a short bus ride.

The admission process was quite worrying, I mean, I felt pretty dumb, I felt like I was somehow dumber than even the lowest-performing classmates, I didn't really feel confident enough to be accepted into this pretty college. It was a stressful time, I had like less than a week to study, so I did something I didn't even want to do and put aside all potential distractions like Twitter, comic books, movies, games, etc. and dedicated all my time to studying, it didn't feel great and it probably wasn't the ideal way to study, but it felt efficient to me.

Judgement day (Admission exam day) was getting closer and closer and I was just studying harder and harder, and I just did not feel so great.

Requirement #1 for this exam: You need to bring these papers with you and an ID with a picture on it. Understandable, you need SOME way to find out it's me. Requirement #2: You're not even allowed to bring your phone. FUCK, I can't do that? How will I call my friends? I have no idea.

I had a plan for that day: get there, finish my exam, reunite with my friends and get together with everyone so we can go eat Carl's Jr. in celebration...

The day of the test came, there was a fuck load of traffic, and I didn't get a classroom with a single person that I knew, so I was pretty much fucked. I did my test, and I absolutely felt like I nailed it. I felt pretty damn confident, so confident that at some point I stopped worrying about the test and started getting impatient. It's a thing that happens when you get to an exam you were anxious about, you learned all this stuff and now your main concern is getting this shit over with.

Turns out it's a little hard to get to a reunion point with your friends when you don't have your smartphone. No, I did not get to

see them that day, so I just borrowed someone's phone and guessed my brother's phone number and asked him to come pick me up and we had Carl's Jr. Thanks, Gio.

The test was over and I was free to go home and rot in bed after a hard day's work, my days of studying hard and pushing away my interests were finally over, and I could finally put my focus on the present.

The next day was one school raffle where you could win 3 prizes, one being a phone, the other two being a laptop and a tablet. I desperately wanted that laptop, so I walked into the place where the raffle was going on, I showed up before everyone did... I did not win the laptop but what I did win was a Samsung phone... I mean, I have no idea why, my main phone was working just fine, but I guess I can't complain about now having two phones, it just means I have a backup.

Things really started looking up for me in the material possessions department, because I had seen a copy of The Unbelievable Gwenpool #1 for sale, and I knew this was probably my only shot at getting to own this comic, and I ordered it shortly before my college admission exam. And I eventually had it in my hands and it was glorious, it was like money could buy happiness. Sure, this silly little comic book with an obscure character may not mean much to you, but it sure meant a lot to me, because I had been wanting to own it since I was 12, and now I finally had achieved my dream of owning the first comic of the series that got me back into the medium.

Back to high school. The closer the end got, the more united we were. Karla, Montse, Sebas and Andy were all hanging out with new people, starting new bonds, everyone felt more connected and friendly with each other, we were all doing shit together as a group. 2 Fridays in a row, we went to this soccer field and everyone was playing soccer and having fun and shit.

I wouldn't say the classes were uneventful, but they kind of were... I still liked it. We had this crazy math teacher that would tell us stories about his life that somehow were related to math, and he would cuss out students, but we all thought it was hilarious.

I loved philosophy class, it was the most fun. I got to learn stuff about philosophy (DUH!) and the teacher was nice, friendly and seemed to know quite a lot about all these great writers and philosophers and artists. I always looked forward to his classes, they were great.

Stuff outside of class was pretty funny. One time, the teacher was late and I thought I'd pull out a comic book (Another Gwenpool comic) and this kid walks up to me and goes "So, that's the character you wank to?" and I do not respond (Frankly, I don't know how I would've responded.) and weird comments aside, we had a nice chat about Gwenpool and how she was in Fortnite and stuff. I had no idea why that comment didn't make me uncomfortable, I guess I was just used to comments like this from almost everyone I know. So many people in my life have asked me if I jerk off, it's pretty much the only consistent thing about my life, and I don't even like answering, sometimes I'll say no, sometimes I'll say yes, sometimes I'll just not answer at all. The real answer is much more revealing than you think... And that's all I'm gonna tell you, hey, it's my intimacy, not yours, if you wanna be open about that kinda stuff, you do you.

And now we had to practice and rehearse our graduation ceremony, which just gave me that "End of the world" feel, but not a melancholic one, more of this is the end of one beautiful thing to start another beautiful thing. We rehearsed walking and grabbing our diplomas, and it was fun. There was a mall nearby, and we WERE gonna go to that mall, but we figured it was gonna be full with lots of stupid teenagers (like us) so we decided to instead have a 2 hour walk to a completely different mall. Before doing so, Seb

and I stopped by to look at the pretty fishes, a nice sight. There was an old lady nearby, and Seb was talking to her about the fishies and nature and such, and the lady turned to me and asked "Hey, you, is your friend autistic?" Needless to say, we don't really try to chat with strangers as much as we used to.

That is one crazy adventure I will never forget, I even got a little comic book as a souvenir from that tale.

One time, I was talking with a bunch of other guys, including our class rep, Jorge, and he was talking to me about this girl called Melanie, who was nice and kind and funny. And he's like "Okay, I'm willing to accept the fact that you beacnozcxmkwieog", well, that was what I heard, so I just nodded and said "Yeah, sure." and it turns out that what he actually said was "Well, I'm willing to accept the fact that you want to fuck my friend" and I had just said yes to that... Well, now I look like a gooner in front of this guy.

There was also this guy that would usually tease me by calling me "Peter Parker", and I used to get super pissed as that, but then I thought about it, I realized that this was probably the last time I would ever see this guy and just accepted it, I went from being angry about this to just laughing with him, because it really wasn't that serious.

My last day of high school was one I would never forget for as long as I live. We were all supposed to build this final project, a rather ambitious one, a house with lots of electronic elements, like a door that opens by itself, windows that open by themselves, an elevator and a working toilet. We were all working hard and such, and everyone was saying goodbye to each other.

Eventually, the teacher sent us all to a classroom and he gave us quite a long talk about our stay in this high school and what comes after this. I look over and see Seb, just bawling his eyes out, sobbing, and seeing my classmates cry makes me cry, and I tried my best to not fall to my knees and sob until I couldn't

anymore. This beautiful thing that had started 3 years ago was coming to an end, but we all wanted more of this beautiful experience that had given us so much, our knowledge, our friendships, our experiences. But nothing is permanent in this life, and the only certainty is the end.

I was getting that "End of the world" feeling but multiplied by fifty, it felt like I was gonna walk out of school that day and just die on the sidewalk and flood the city with my tears. 3 years had gone too fast, and I couldn't stop it.

I didn't want anyone to draw on my school uniform, so instead I opted to have my classmates write notes on this comic book backing board, so that whenever I opened my precious Spidey book, I would be flooded with all of the memories of hanging out with the beautiful people I met in high school, even Andy and Seb bothered to write in it, despite the fact that these guys were now not only high school friends, but just friends in general.

Eventually, this guy named Oscar learned an entire high school year worth of electronics knowledge in just 30 seconds, he built the house, everything worked correctly, and we were allowed to go.

And just as I was walking out, right before I was about to fall to the ground and cry until I couldn't cry any more, I remembered that a few semesters prior, we had won a prize... A nice barbecue... But apparently we hadn't gotten that barbecue... Until now, and what better day than this last day of the best era of my life? Me and almost the entire class showed up to this barbecue, and we all put money together.

It was our last moment of togetherness (probably) and we're gonna put it to some damn good use. We all got our foodies, and it was the best damn foodie I ever had, let me tell you, never had a better carne asada in my life.

Near the end, everyone there got together and we all made a bet. If Seb and a girl named Joselyn kissed, then these 2 guys had to kiss as well... I witnessed it all and I was jumping around and shit because it was so crazy. It was so crazy, guys.

Eventually, a security guard came to yell at us for some reason but some kids bribed him with some food and we were let go just fine. And after a while, the day was over, the sun was setting and the moon was just about to come out. I went to my bedroom, plugged in my phone, entered the bathroom, took a shower and after I was done, I put my clothes back on, went downstairs, walked to the middle of my living room and it was like my life was over. I was weeping like I had never wept before, I was shattered, knowing that I was never gonna experience something as beautiful as high school ever again.

My graduation ceremony took place on June 25th, 2025. It started off as a normal morning, then I packed up my things and ordered an Uber to the stadium where the ceremony was gonna take place. The Uber driver did not have data, so we stopped by a convenience store, and the driver was even nice enough to buy me a water. We made it just in time for the ceremony to begin, and we were sitting there completely proud of ourselves.

The teacher we once hated, Ms. Luz was the one that gave us our diplomas and even a keychain. We did not hate her anymore, we were all happy to see her because she never lost hope in us and our school work.

I remember we were asked to look over at our families and say hello... I had no idea where my family was, so I just looked in 4 different directions and waved to everyone. I remember they also got this random rapper to do a freestyle for us, which honestly was pretty cool and kinda amusing to me, it was fun.

After the graduation was over, I saw my mother, my brother, my sister and her boyfriend all proud of me for coming this far in

life. We took a bunch of pictures with my classmates and my teachers, and then we went outside of the stadium and while we were discussing places to go eat and celebrate this amazing achievement, a really pretty lady walked by and smiled at me and said congratulations, which made me smile. And then fucking Godzilla stepped on top of the stadium and everyone died... I'll let you decide which part of that was fake.

We ate at KFC. It was good. Chicken tendys are good, fries are good, drinks are good, it's one of those small pleasures in life, and like Ezekiel Sims said, "Those are the best kind". I also liked the mashed potatoes, they're pretty good.

It wasn't the last time I saw my classmates, me, Sebastian and Andy all got together so we could go to our graduation party and dinner, which took place from like 7 PM to 2 AM. Andy's parents were nice enough to drive us there and we listened to music on the way there. We were asked to dress fancily, I didn't know why, since I thought it was gonna be a shitty party with soda and potato chips, but then we actually got there and whaddya know, HOLY SHIT, the school had rented probably the nicest place available, it was so fancy, it looked like you could eat off the floor, it was so clean, it was like a million dollar mansion, it was a beautiful sight... Even though it was in the middle of Nowheresville, Mexico and there was a bottomless cliff nearby.

We partied for hours and everyone had at least one drop of alcohol, except for myself, I gotta be the sane friend that drives people home.

I had never seen these people be so fancily dressed and I had never seen everyone have so much fun, it was the most beautiful thing ever, which is something I've said a lot about the high school experience. We all loved each other, we all wanted the best for each other, anything bad we felt towards anyone was NOT there, it was incredible, and no experience will ever replicate that.

And after the party was over, I was spent, I slept for a long, long time and when I woke up, I realized "Woah, those three years just feel like a distant memory now..." But what mattered to me is that high school gave me a bond that transcended that period of my life, and now I finally have people that I can connect with outside of the academic world.

The high school phase of my life was over, and I felt relief, and a bit of melancholy knowing that I will probably never meet with these people, but at least I have their Instagrams and their phone numbers so that I can eventually reconnect again, and I do still try to think about all of my classmates, they were the best.

I remember 2 important meetings with Rissey that summer, I went with them to this park that was very far away from my home, it was called Esperanto Park, and it had a lot of food trucks, swings, a nice looking beach with beautiful sights, a lot of idiotic children running around and bumping into things, and so many games. A very fun and very relaxing part of my life.

I also went to Andy's sister's birthday party, on a very sunny part of town, but not very far away from my home. It was probably the funniest hangout, me, Seb, Andy, Edwin and Axel all laughing together, eating pizza, lasagna and brownies while talking about the things many normal people talk about in this world, things like porn. I also jokingly said I was gay. I'm not gay, it was a joke, stop calling me gay... I mean, there's nothing wrong with being gay, but it is something I am not.

I even joined this

Anyway, now it's time to tell you about the college admission process... I was accepted into this college that I had seen like five times before in my life, I was mentally prepared to go through this experience. I walk into the office with all of the papers and information I need to finally walk into that classroom, and I ask the receptionist, "Hey, I'd like for you to assign me a group".

She said, with a smile on her face, "Okay, sure... Oof, looks like there's only afternoon classes available..."

"Okay, and what does the schedule look like?"

"Oof, looks like you'll have to be here from 4 PM to 10 PM..."

My mind said "Are you kidding me?" but my mouth said "Are you fucking kidding me? I'll go see if something can be arranged"

I walked out of that office on a mission, I was gonna be inserted into a class that didn't have a shitty schedule like that, so I asked a guy that was also gonna do that schedule change, he was already on his last semester, and we walked together and he spoke to me about everything I needed to know about college, and everything I should do while I'm there. He was very useful and I still think about him sometimes, he even purchased that piece of paper I needed for FREE and told me "This is your welcoming gift, enjoy your stay"

I had a glimmer of hope that I wasn't gonna go through that horrible schedule. Y'know, when I had my middle school years, I basically just sucked it up and dealt with it when I heard the 2 PM to 7 PM schedule, and I had friends I could talk to, at the very least, but this was completely different and I'll get to the reason why in a minute, because now it's time for me to give my schedule change request to the secretary.

"Hi, I'd like to request a schedule change."

"Uhm, this is for people on their second semester and onwards."

I let out the most disappointed sigh I've ever done, and I walked out completely tired of this bullshit and just asked the secretary to assign me an afternoon class, and I went home, considering what was at stake.

I said goodbye to all the fun I had at home. I basically only ate and watched TV until it was time to go to school. I said goodbye to hangouts with my friends, since they were all going to

school in the morning, and I was in the afternoon. If it had been 2 to 7 PM, I probably would still be able to at least show up and say hello to them, but this was 10 PM, the time when everyone was asleep. I was heartbroken, but I somehow still kept a bit of excitement in my heart, I knew that I would still at least be able to make new friends at school to keep my mind occupied, but then that tingling fear was back, what if they don't like me? What am I gonna do? Well, whatever, it was 3:30, so I downloaded every Red Hot Chili Peppers album from Blood Sugar Sex Magik to I'm With You, I put on my earbuds, got my nerdy tight Spider-Man shirt that shows off my fat belly, packed up a bunch of comic books to read between classes and got ready for my first day in this new chapter in my life, hoping that someone will start talking to me. I was about to enter the classroom and my mind said "Here I go"...

Me, my music, my frozen water bottle and my lunch box entered that damn college classroom and I slowly realized something... I have zero idea how to make new friends, it's not like I can get anyone to introduce me to some people or something, so I guess I'm just gonna wait for someone to talk to me first, which is way harder than you think.

When I met Andres and Sebastian and the rest of Rissey, it was because we were supposed to work as a team for an entire semester and after that we just started hanging out quite regularly, but this was completely different, I wasn't gonna have to talk to the same 2 guys for like multiple semesters, most of my work as a law student was meant to be done by myself...

I mean, these guys asked me stuff like my name and... My name, but we never had that heart-to-heart conversation.

The teacher was this sweet old lady that guided us through how this college works and all the subjects we were gonna have, and I guess she must've felt a little bad by how anti-social we were so she quickly put together a group activity for us to socialize or something.

Shit, I didn't know anyone so I just waited to find someone that didn't have a partner so I could ask him if he wanted to work with me, and luckily I saw this guy, he seemed like a chill dude to talk to but we didn't have much chemistry, just "let's do our work" and that's it.

Well, we finished our school work and we got a pretty high grade, which was awesome. I felt like we were gonna be friends... But then the next day came and he decided to sit very far away from where I was, and it was at that specific moment that I realized that making new friends is gonna be more difficult than I thought.

Not much else happened that day, and also the last 2 days were canceled due to a power outage... And I missed a tour of the campus, but I guess I can just figure out where everything is by myself.

Hey, I at least had more free time to figure out whatever I wanted to do that week, and you wanna know what I did? I listened to music and ate potato chips. I am a huge loser. I guess I also had more time to plan out whatever it was I wanted to do for the fifth anniversary of Daily Spider-Plush, I just simply couldn't let that moment pass.

I remember there was this girl, she was very sweet and kind and such, and one time we had to explain why we chose to take law studies, and her story was one that was really interesting. She chose law studies due to the fact that the Mexican law system had fucked over many of her family members, and she wanted to become a lawyer to help her family. A touching story.

She was like the most helpful classmate anyone could ever ask for. She could help you with your school work, she was friendly and fun to talk to... She stopped going to school after a while and everyone was wondering what had happened to her. Turns out she just studied her first semester at a different school across the city.

For a bit, I felt like my classmates already knew all this law stuff and I felt like I was dumber than everyone else, but then I realized that they were all actually dumber than ME. (Just kidding, I love you guys).

My first impression of these fellows was: Holy shit, these guys fucking suck, they are so boring as hell, they don't participate, they don't really seem interested in making new friends, they use ChatGPT, and worst of all, the phrase "Insane in the brain" is scribbled on the wall, do I really have to spend 6 hours a day, 5 days a week and from 4 PM to 10 PM FOR AN ENTIRE SEMESTER?

God, is this your punishment for me having too much fun with Rissey? And please, can someone get me outta here?

My impression and annoyance towards these guys was a little justified, since one time, the teacher asked "Who here likes Halloween? Raise your hand if you like it" and you wanna know how many people raised their hand? One. And I'm pretty sure you can guess who it was... Myself.

I slowly came to the realization that I had no one to talk to and I was just gonna spend 6 hours sitting on my ass and listening to the Red Hot Chili Peppers in between classes while everyone I knew was having lots of fun or even sleeping peacefully or playing video games at home. I'm sure they felt like something was missing, and I hope they at least thought about me in some way.

Well, I went back home and it only registered after 2 weeks of doing so that it was 10 PM and I was pretty much the only one in EVERY friend group that was still awake, so I just did what I always did and watched YouTube or porn until I fell asleep.

I had my hobby of writing reviews taken away from me by Google and I had my hangouts with my friends also taken away from me by the dumbass 4 PM to 10 PM schedule, so I had not much to look forward to.

I really wanted to make a friend, but the realization of the fact that I was in university and everyone else was probably more mature than I'll ever be just kept popping up, so I decided that I wasn't gonna try to bond with someone over our love for Spider-Man comics, basically because I really doubted that someone in that classroom was into Spider-Man comics.

Very early on, in the school group chat, some guy named Bryan was added to the group chat, but NOBODY knew who this guy was, there was no Bryan in attendance, his name wasn't even on the list, so we didn't know how this guy got into the group chat, but he sent memes and stuff... Hell, some of these kids even started

to think that I was Bryan. It was after a little bit that the truth came out and this Bryan was just some guy from a completely different class and a completely different semester.

I guess it was time to choose a class president, and there were 3 candidates: Someone that I never spoke to, Someone that I eventually did speak to (his name is Manuel) and Some girl (Her name was Pal, no correlation with someone that will appear later)

Manuel, he was a funny guy, he was kind, he knew about Spider-Man and such, he wasn't as obsessed as I was, but he seemed to know a lot of stuff. Here's the exchange I had with him about Spider-Man:

"Yeah, bro, I love Spider-Man, he's like my favorite character of all time, you ask me something related to him and I'll probably answer correctly" I said, with confidence in my knowledge of the character.

"Cool! Did you see that new Friendly Neighborhood Spider-Man? I personally really enjoyed that one" Said Manny.

"Uhm, I don't have Disney+... But I saw a bit of the first episode, and I didn't think it was stellar, to be honest" I replied with brutal honesty in my voice.

"Uhm, that's okay, I guess. Have you seen Venom 3? I thought it was a fun movie" he asked.

"Oh, none of my friends or family members really wanted to see it with me." I said, slowly realizing that this friendship was off to a rocky start.

"Well, that's fine. Say, did you play those PlayStation games? Aren't they just so cool?" He asked, with hope that I had at least seen ONE thing that he had also seen.

"Oh, I don't really play many video games as of recently, but I heard good things about em..." I said, which I then followed up with "I think we just like different parts of the Spider-Man franchise, I mostly just read the comic books and watch the movies..." Needless

to say, Spider-Man did not help start my friendship. I think about it and I still have yet to find a non-internet friend that is as obsessed with the character as I am, most of the people I know only seem to know the same 5 things about him.

Manuel also had other friends that he spoke to with more frequency, their names being Alonso, a guy that was smart and kind and funny, but he always seemed disinterested in everything; This guy who was also named Eddie, whom I'll be referring to as Eddie 2 from now on, this guy was just as chill as the other too, he wasn't necessarily gifted but he genuinely seemed interested in learning and getting better; And finally we have Hugo, who I didn't really talk to as much. It looked like I finally had someone I could talk to and say hello to every day.

Or at least that was the idea, because I never really felt comfortable talking to them, I think my input felt very unneeded and very forced, so most of the time I would just stand there next to them, a little far away but close enough for them to ask me things if they needed to.

Oh, yeah, I was talking about my classmates here and introducing them. This next one is Pal, who was elected as the class rep. Pal is smart, funny-ish, kind, beautiful and popular (which makes sense considering her position as the class rep), so basically, she was completely out of my league. Problems with her were that she had the pottiest potty mouth I had ever heard, one second I would be chilling on my desk, and I would overhear her calling her friends "stupid ass bitches" or something. I tried my best to not laugh.

I had a short-lived crush on her, why short lived? Because my mind told me "Eddie, you look like shit, you don't talk to anyone, you write shit on a little notebook in between classes, you like Spider-Man in your old age, you are pretty dumb too... What makes you think you can have her? You try going near her and she'll think

you're a creep". My crush was not very strong, it wasn't like I was gonna die if I didn't have her, it was more like "Hey, it'd be nice but I'll be fine if it doesn't happen".

But destiny was pretty funny, apparently. One time we had an assignment where we had to be on a team where we either opposed euthanasia or were supportive of it. I was not supportive of it, and neither was Pal, so destiny brought us together in that team. I then realized I looked like a fucking simp being the only boy in the group, but I clearly didn't want anything to do with her or anyone on the team so I just presented my ideas for the team, we presented those ideas to the class and we moved on with our lives...

Later on in the computer lab, Pal and her... Boyfriend? Boy (space) friend? Enemy? I had no idea what their relationship was, nor do I care, but whatever, they both sat down next to me —and I wanted to be alone— and they started their work like I wasn't there. At one point, there's an ant crawling near Pal and she goes "Hey, look, an ant!" and this fucking guy, this CHAD just squashes the ant, and the look of pure devastation in Pal's face just makes me want to die laughing right there. She berates Chad and then she looks at me and says "I think we should kill him".

We'll be talking about Chad later, I think he's pretty cool. His name is actually Ibai but I'll be calling him Chad because that is what I thought he was.

One time, we were supposed to form groups of 4 for our final project on this computer lab, but I didn't have a fuckin team, what the fuck was I supposed to do? I asked like 3 people but they already had full teams... At that point, I gave up and told my teacher "Hey, I'm gonna be brutally honest when I say that this is like my third week going to this school and I still have not made a single friend, what should I do? Do I just make this project myself?" (This was before I met Manuel)

The teacher was like "Look, the next person that comes around will let you into their team" and you won't believe what happened... Pal showed up and said "Hey, I only need one more person in my team" and I sighed (in my mind) and said "Sure." Literally nobody in the team ever spoke for the rest of the day.

Crazy fucking coincidences after another, and I didn't really want Pal to think I had a crush on her or that I was stalking her or anything, so I basically did everything in my power to not make any eye contact with her and to avoid having to talk to her, which was kinda difficult considering that she was literally the class rep and she had to answer every question I had about the semester, and not everyone had the same questions I had.

Also, I had my very own spot in the classroom and then all of a sudden she started to sit RIGHT NEXT TO ME, which meant that in order to avoid any eye contact, I had to avoid looking to the left for 6 hours. Nuts. Also, in order to avoid having to say hi to anyone, I liked to arrive at school like 30 minutes early, and whaddya know, Chad and Pal were already there, talking about... Well, I'd tell you that they were probably talking about deep philosophical and psychological questions but let's be honest, they were probably talking about all the Instagram reels they were gonna cackle at during their free time or some shit. Hey, I wasn't gonna be nosy either.

And also, Pal looked like she was always scared of something during the first few weeks. Maybe she had her own ghost story going on, I have no idea, she's gonna have to write her OWN book about how that went.

Other than that, I didn't really socialize much with my new classmates aside from fist bumps and eye contact in the hallways, I guess every once in a while me and some classmates did get to talk about our aspirations in life but not much.

But the classes here? Oh, they were something special. The first class here was a little introduction to law studies and how everything in the legal system works here in big Mexico, all presented by a very enthusiastic teacher named Maria, who always had a bright smile and seemed genuinely interested in helping us out, which is very appreciated.

Then we had Sociological studies, presented by a very strict man called Arturo, who always looked at us like a supervillain waiting to strike his next move, which is insane for a teacher. I remember his way to grade our participation skills, you had to tell him EVERYTHING he had ever taught in class flawlessly in order to get 1 or 0.5 points in your grade... Most I got were the 0.5, but I ended up fine.

Digital tools for law studies was taught by an average teacher named Juan, he wasn't like super strict but he didn't just let us fuck around or anything. I say bless his soul, he seemed like a very cool guy who unfortunately suffers from social anxiety. His classes explained to you how to use Microsoft Word and PowerPoint for writing things like essays and legal documents. Most people were kinda bored by his classes, but I guess that is due to the fact that they were from 8 PM to 10 PM, but thankfully for us, he would let us leave early if we finished our work. Nice class, I liked it.

Reading comprehension was my favorite class, taught by a very kind and smart teacher called Calypso, who really had some fun dynamics and useful tips in her classes. I really enjoyed them. I remember being so hyped because I loved reading and was really looking forward to this class... Only to realize that I had already missed the first 2 assignments. Luckily, I managed to NOT fuck up the rest of this class. I might have been the only person that liked this class and participating in it, and it really helped my writing skills, kinda.

Roman law was the most boring one, but it was taught by a nice teacher called Janeth. Not a very eventful class, just read ONE book about the history of ancient Rome, which is weird because this was somehow the most important class and the one with the most failed students. I used to love history class, but this was just reading for like 2 hours and then you get to leave to grab lunch. Hey, at least I learned that some Latin law terms are still being used to this day, so I can't say that this class wasn't important.

Another class I really enjoyed was one that taught us about Peace and its culture. Taught by a man called Kevin that I swear looked like the new Ultimate Universe Peter Parker, but I never told him. This was the kinda teacher that you wanted to have in your class, this guy was chill, listened to music and played video games and did some chit chat with the class. I really liked his classes, he would let us go home early, which was sweet. I don't think my classmates appreciated him, because he did everything in his power to teach us and no one really paid attention or participated during class.

Wow, such fun classes, I really dig them, I'm getting to do work projects with these guys, I'm getting to actually talk to people and talk out loud. I remember this time, we were given a word search, and the first person to finish finding all the words was given a crisp 20 pesos bill straight from the wallet of Pal. You wanna know who wins? Well, if it wasn't me, then would I really be writing it in this book? I won, I kept the 20 pesos and I framed them and put them up on the wall with a little gold sign that reads "The day Eddie finally won something". Just kidding, I had to spend them. I felt like I had finally been noticed, like I was so close to actually having a friend.

Then I remembered something completely inconsequential... Shit, it is like September of 2025, the big year of Spider-Plush, you

need to actually come up with SOMETHING for the upcoming anniversary in October... And so, on the night of September 18, I opened up Google Documents and started working on my autobiography that would eventually become *Random Hour: The Interesting Life of Eddie Spider-Plush*.

It was so fun having to relive the experiences I had throughout most of my life and my time as Daily Spider-Plush. I presented this idea to my Discord server and they seemed to be supportive of it, even though no one really cared much.

Well, I worked on that for a couple of months, I went to school so I could pretend that I was working to connect with these guys, trying to socialize here actually felt like a sneeze that wouldn't come, but other than that, I was doing quite fine... I was still pretty lonely, I guess.

My loneliness would come to a temporary stop because I finally had the chance to meet up with Rissey once again, for Andres' birthday party. It was fun, we had lots of food like lasagna, we had lots of coke, and drinks like coca-cola and sprite, and snacks too, and cake. Wow, it was so fun. And most of Rissey was there too, along with Karla and Montse, who also had lots of fun. The party ended with Andres getting stung by a bee, and he immediately died.

Well, I asked if Andres and Sebastian would cooperate for an interview in Random Hour, but as the day of release got closer, I never got a response and just added them in Special Thanks.

The first semester of college is not being very eventful right now, I guess, but I get to talk to Manuel, Hugo and Eddie 2 for a little bit of more small talk and my name is slowly being recognized, and people say hi to me, which actually means a lot to me in these trying times... Shouldn't I be saying this in the past tense? I literally have not seen these guys since last year.

Pal gave me a bit of a scare one time, even if it was unintentional, because one time, we were in a Digital tools class and she decided to change teams, which I didn't think was suspicious and I honestly respected her decision since we weren't really getting anywhere, we didn't even communicate.

But then, we were taking Peace Culture class and she asked our teacher if there was a way to report creepy behavior, and I got a little scared as a joke, I had the silly thought "what if I was accused of something I didn't do? Wouldn't that be crazy?" But then the rest of the hour, she wouldn't stop taking glances in my direction, and I'm genuinely scared now, what if I was being unintentionally creepy?

After a few days, I noticed that nothing was really going on, but I still swore I would talk to Pal as little as possible. I mean, I am still wondering why she was looking in my direction, but I can sleep soundly knowing that there were no false accusations. Plus, even if they were, they probably wouldn't get anywhere since I am confident in my innocence.

The days leading up to my fifth anniversary as Daily Spider-Plush were uneventful, but I was super hyped for the occasion and I was really hyping up this autobiography. I didn't want to make it like "Oh, here's this man, this Daily Spider-Plush and he's actually super depressed and lonely", I tried to make it lighthearted and funny, because that is just how I roll. I got the approval from a lot of people, I had the interviews ready, I had pretty much everything ready for release, but then I noticed that October 27th, 2025 was on a Monday, and my excitement got weaker, but at least I didn't forget.

Everyone that was in that team with Pal eventually separated and now I joined Manuel and company, so I guess I now had another chance to bond with these guys and maybe even exchange a word or two about... Law...

The thing about this class is that I felt more immature compared to everyone in the room, who seemed to be interested in law studies... I mean, I was interested too, I love arguing and I especially love arguing and winning, but I didn't seem to have the knowledge that some of these guys did, it felt like I had to have prior knowledge of the subject... Knowledge that I didn't have, so it looks like I was totally and completely fucked.

Oh, I guess I was supposed to talk about Chad, and the thing about him is that this was a man who didn't really give a shit about law studies, kinda. I never really saw him doing work and stuff but I still thought he was really cool and he always wore a cap. He was either loved or hated by the teachers, or they just didn't give a shit. I remember he paid me like 200 pesos for helping him out with some work. Emotionally, Chad always had a smirk on his face and never took anything anyone said seriously, so I thought he was like the cool funny pillar I could always count on to get a chuckle every once in a while. Nice guy.

I guess I end this chapter by summing up the next one with one story... We were taking a peace culture test, and Pal asked Mr. Kevin "Are we your favorite students?"

"Why yes, of course you are." Said Kevin, completely full of joy and cheer. But little did he know... Oh, god...

The next day came and went, and Kevin said "Oh, I haven't seen your results yet, but I let the other group grade them, and they said they were just a tad bit underwhelming" which was already a red flag, as red as the USB drive in my desk and as big as the flags that you see in soccer games sometimes.

Then comes a look of disappointment I'll never forget. He walked into class with no smile, no jokes, no remarks other than him expressing that we had all fucked up. Kevin's classes were never the same afterwards, we had all disappointed him and it felt

horrible. Pretty much sums up this chapter and the next one, things start going fairly okay and then it all goes low, low, low.

But it's whatever, because the big date, October 27th, the fifth year of Spider-Plush is getting near, and while I am super excited for it, I can't bear but realize I won't be seeing Rissey soon, and I doubt many people are gonna care about my little celebration.

Nothing, Nobody, Nowhere...

I woke up on October 27th, 2025 with a smile on my face, this was the date I had been waiting for ALL YEAR. I immediately stormed into my Twitter account with a huge grin and I was prepared to tell the world that THIS GUY just hit 5 years of his gimmick account... Look, I know it might be silly to celebrate 5 years of a Twitter page, but this account had done so much for me and had brought me so much support and many friends, it had to be celebrated. Plus, five years is a pretty big milestone.

It felt a little empty, only releasing one special thing to commemorate the occasion, it wasn't as flashy and cool as the 4th anniversary, which even had its own poster art that I still use as a profile picture to this day, thanks, Gio!

I had a plan for this little holiday and that was getting one birthday candle and a Hostess cupcake, but I didn't get around to it in time, and I just kept it in the back of my mind as the celebration that got away. Might do it 2026.

This was the one day where I wanted everyone to celebrate this 5th anniversary with me but not many people actually cared. I released "Random Hour", the autobiography that I was super proud of writing before I realized I had forgotten a few things. (Hence why I am writing this)

I went to school a happy man, a man with no worries other than doing school stuff and hopefully talking to someone about... Law.

My classes were ever so uneventful, and I didn't talk to anyone, really, other than the fact that my old pal Abraham called me to congratulate me on 5 years and just talk to me about funny memes. It was special, it meant a lot to me, it made my day better even if I was a little lonely at school.

I guess it was time to socialize instead of sitting on my ass at that desk, and it hurts! I don't like sitting for too much time, so I guess I better get up and sit down again, but this time, I'll sit next to these guys I had been trying to socialize with.

Big mistake. First of all, they were a little startled by my presence there, which is fair, I mean, I totally invited myself and I didn't really feel great about it...

What isn't so justified is that I then looked over at this guy's phone —not to be nosy or anything— and saw the message. The message that broke me. It read "What's the deal with Eddie?" and at that point, I felt a mix of what felt like pure anger and pure sadness and embarrassment. I was definitely where I wasn't supposed to be, I was not wanted there.

I was seeing red, knowing that these were the guys that I had to make a group project with at the end of the semester. And I know exactly who said this thing, and I look over at him, with a look of pure raw anger, I was just about to bring this up and cause a scene...

Instead, I asked him about when we were gonna start working on this group project and then I stopped trying to socialize with these dudes and went back to sitting my ass down and trying to get my mind off of what I just saw, but my look of pure disgust and anguish stayed there.

The teacher arrives to tell us what he thinks of our test results and we get to leave 30 minutes early. While the class was taking place, I was still seeing red, still trying to hold in my tears, still trying to process what I just saw. I felt pretty damn disgusted and these people all probably saw my expression of pure repulsion.

I felt like I was going to die if I didn't get out of that place, as soon as we were allowed to go home, I ran away from that place, not even saying goodbye, and as soon as I opened the door to my

home, I broke down crying due to the horrible realization that slowly creeped up into my brain. These people were not my friends. It made me feel sick, it made me anxious that anyone could be talking shit about me, even my closest friends. This event ruined my 5th anniversary, something that may not have meant a lot to you but it sure meant a lot to me.

This event is what made me want to write this. This is one of the reasons behind the use of the Black Notebook. I didn't want to tell my brother, I didn't want to tell my mother, I didn't want to tell my friends due to fear of them making a mockery of me. I didn't even know if it was supposed to be comical or sad, but I felt completely destroyed and heartbroken because it meant that I had failed, it meant that my number one fear had finally come true. These people think I'm weird.

I went to school the next day, completely full of resentment on the inside but still trying to look normal and not gloomy at all. I didn't want to look at anyone's faces, I didn't want to be noticed. I still said hello to Manuel and Eddie 2 and Hugo, but it wasn't sincere. I worked on team assignments with these guys, I handed them school supplies when they didn't have them, I even did a short team assignment by myself and wrote all their names, but they were talking about me in a way that was probably not nice, so I felt shitty.

I didn't just feel resentment towards one guy, I didn't just feel resentment for that one group, I felt resentment towards everyone in the class, but I didn't want anyone to know. I decided that the best decision in this case was just to tell my Discord server about what had happened that day, but no one really had anything to say.

To get my mind off of things, I opened up my comic book, the classic *Spider-Man: Coming Home* by J. Michael Straczynski and started reading. Boy, this was my favorite comic book, the one

that was my go-to. It brings me back to when I was a cute 16-year-old boy finding out that Spider-Man comics can be more serious, but as I saw how action packed this comic book was, another harsh realization slowly popped up in my mind.

"Eddie, you are in college, you are 18-years-old, you have no job, never had a first kiss, you have no friends, no one to talk to, you haven't even heard your own voice in weeks, and people are probably talking shit about you behind your back... Aren't you too old to be reading Spider-Man comics? Your love for this character isn't cute anymore, you just look immature and pathetic."

At that moment, I froze, I shed a small tear that landed on one of the printed pages, and I immediately closed the comic, put it back in my bookbag and started quietly weeping, trying my best to cover my face.

I guess I didn't have much to look forward to, other than that Halloween party... One problem, one very big problem, I had a very important test that day and I also didn't have a costume... I ended up cancelling my attendance, which didn't feel great because now my real friends were hanging out without me and I was there, taking a test, looking like a ghost and feeling like one.

I guess this older fellow called Juventino must've felt pretty bad for me being so lonely and gloomy because he and many other friends decided to invite me to a coffee shop nearby and grab some... coffee. Coffee was a nice experience and it sure kept me awake for the rest of the class, so I'm pretty thankful for that. One of the guys there only showed up for like 2 classes, I wish I could remember his name. He was really cool and smart and funny, and he was kind enough to give me a ride home one time, and he was listening to Enter Sandman by Metallica.

Having conversations with Juventino and Chad and their friends was certainly a notable experience, they were actually very smart and calm and collected when they spoke, they knew how

things worked and complained when things seemed broken or stupid, but they still held some civilized, smart and kind conversations, maybe with some joking around here or there.

November 1st came along. I still didn't really feel that great, especially since my 5th anniversary was RUINED, but hey, at least I still had my real closest friends... On WhatsApp. Nothing much happened at college, just the usual shit I didn't care about anymore.

All of the messages about the Halloween party are coming in, Rissey is still even talking about that night to this fucking day, and I was the only one that WASN'T there. It wasn't only because I had a test that day, but I also didn't have a costume and apparently they weren't gonna let me in if I didn't have one... That being said, these are my FRIENDS so chances are that they would've let me in anyway, but alas, I had a fucking exam that day.

The party (according to my friends) had lots of alcohol, food (duh! it's a party!), costumed fellows, candy, rap battles, and many laughs... Funnily enough, one of the people there was dressed as Spider-Man and he looked like he wanted to start beef with Sebastian, which I thought was a hilarious story when I heard it.

What wasn't so funny is that one of those guys asked one of my friends "Hey, is Eddie like mentally challenged or something?" and I never wanted to slap someone more. That is probably the last thing I wanted to hear that day.

I recall one day, when I was at school, we had 3 hours where we could do whatever we wanted and then we had to sit through our last class from 9 PM to 10 PM, but a thought went through my dumb little head. "God, I'm going through a depressive and lonely episode, I'm sleepy, hungry, cold, tired, I have a headache, I don't want to be here, can you excuse me just once? It won't really hurt my grades..." So I packed up my stuff and left. This was the ONLY time I skipped a class for the sake of skipping a class.

It's funny, I am moping and stuff about how lonely I really was, but near the end, I really started to hang out with Chad and Juventino. I remember one night, we were all chilling on the balcony and we were talking about stuff and they started talking about things people say behind other people's backs. I jokingly remarked "I have a Twitter where I make fun of all of you" but then Pal said "Dude holy shit, I do that too, but I only make fun of people's outfits"... Well, I guess I'm fucked since I was literally only wearing these stupid sweatpants and Spider-Man t-shirts. Just another insecurity, just what I needed.

One man that I met and I thought was really nice was this guy named Palomo, whom I have nothing but sheer respect for. I think he's very cool, he has seen Marvel things that I have also seen. I remember this one time, I had built up the courage to actually open up a comic in between classes, and he sat down and looked at it and said "Oh, you like Marvel? Me too!" And we chatted for a while about Marvel movies and such. I'm sorry, if you're reading this, I have still not seen Deadpool and Wolverine.

Palomo's a great guy, very fun to talk to, very smart and kind, we need more people like him in the world, to be completely honest.

Well, I guess I was still also friends with Manuel, Hugo, Alonso and Eddie 2, whom I still decided to help with work and I'd occasionally chip in during conversations either to ask something or just to say some stupid shit like "67"... But I still didn't feel content, I wanted to bring up how their little message made me feel, but I guess now wasn't the time. Maybe, when we graduate in like 20 years, I'll tell them...

Anyway, work was fun. Peace Culture had us do this thing for our final project, we had to make a poster promoting peaceful interactions, and I wanted to do it by myself, but I guess Kevin decided to make me team up with one of Pal's friends, and as soon

as he said that, another one of Pal's friends started giggling. We designed a little cool poster and that's all that happened.

Then I realized something, Oh shit, this is our last month of school and then we're off for winter break, and this may be the last time I see these guys before leaving. I guess I will finally try to have FUN for once. And fun I had, because we finally had an event called "The Week of Law", done to commemorate 50 years of our law school.

I guess they had some fun events, like a little short documentary on Monday, a concert on Tuesday, a chess tournament and a law book fair. I saw the concert but that's about all I did. I guess it was pretty fun, getting to be in the right place at the right time. I always choose to be interested in something at the right time.

During the last day of that week, we were all pretty much forced to go to the theatre they had on campus in order to witness a great sight, the sight being the special orchestra crew they hired, and they did such a beautiful job, it sounded like I was listening to a recording, but it was all live.

I went outside the theatre, where Manuel, Hugo and some other guy were sitting. They missed such a beautiful sight and we started chatting... And I thought, "It is now or never, bring this up to them."

And so, I started telling my story to them, and how it affected me. I tried to not come off as angry or anything, and as soon as I was done, we all had a laugh about it and we all apologized for such an event. All my resentments and all my loneliness felt like nothing, it was like I had taken a huge weight off my back, and for the first time in like four months, I was genuinely happy and excited about going to this college and talking to these people that I now had newfound respect for....

But I still REALLY wanted to see my closest friends at Rissey. I wanted to go to their Thanksgiving party but I had another fucking test, and I wasn't able to do so. It seemed like everything I wanted to do with my friends was a no-no for a while. They wanted to hang out one Saturday, and I was absolutely willing to go, but then my mother told me "Hey, we are going to see your sister, she has a dramatic reading thing and we have to be there and support her"

I said "Oh, uhm, okay, I mean, I haven't seen my friends in a while and I really wanted to see them, and in turn this has made me feel more depressed than ever before, but I guess family is more important, and I also haven't seen my sister Alice in a while, so I'll go." And then I canceled my plans with my friends.

Guess what, Rissey had another huge planned hangout, and I was able to go, but then my mama said "We have to see your sister's play AGAIN"

I said "Uhm, I really wanna see my friends, I have seen them a total of like ONE entire time in four months, do we have to? I mean, it's the exact same play..." I ended up going anyway.

And her play was actually very well acted, very well researched and I was actually uncredited as part of the crew, I would usually be the guy that holds things for the cast. We also got to eat pizza at this really cool place with an actual italian man that was so enthusiastic about the whole thing, it was great.

Rissey had ANOTHER plan, but I couldn't go, not because of a play or anything, but they were going to a concert and I didn't have a ticket.

That's four opportunities, four chances at getting to actually reconnect with these people, these guys whose faces I didn't even recognize at this point, I literally was only able to communicate with these guys through TEXTING. These people were guys I spoke to and hung out with regularly and now they had

been reduced to online friends. Don't you think I want to see these guys and laugh with them and go out to eat something with them and talk about my life with them? I literally had like four months of loneliness to vent with them, and brick walls kept getting in my fucking way.

I guess we still had to do this huge team project at school, it details the story of all the webs from version Web 1.0 to the most recent one, Web 4.0. I guess we all did a pretty good job, but Hugo never showed up for our amazing presentation on the project, which I completely improvised on my end, yet we still did a pretty damn good presentation and we answered everyone's questions on the topic flawlessly.

My last week of the semester was getting our results and getting to know if we were gonna be exempt from an extra test that would determine our final grade on each subject.

I was exempt from the Reading Comprehension class, which was actually my favorite class of the entire semester. A kind teacher, very fun dynamics, and I learned a bunch of stuff about writing that I try to put into my own writing to this day. It's kinda funny because when Ms. Calypso mentioned my name, she said "Let's all congratulate the one student that never skipped a single one of my classes, Eddie!" and I felt like I was the president.

I was exempt from Peace Culture, and it is a very funny story. My grade was not actually good enough for exemption, some other students tried begging him to raise their grade, to which Kevin, an absolute gigachad, said "Flip a coin, and if it lands on heads, I'll exempt you with the grade you have, because I can do that". The other students failed. I was also there, I was not gonna ask for a coin flip, that wasn't my intention, I was completely willing to do the test, but then Juventino was nearby and told Kevin "Do a coin flip for Eddie" and I was like "Fine, I'll try, I choose Tails", and it landed on Tails. Lucky me.

I was exempt from Digital Tools class but only because he lowered the exemption grade from 80% to 60%, but I would've been exempt either way because my grade was 82%.

The last week was not very eventful due to the fact that it was the last normal week and everything that they could say had already been said, but we had one last debate.

One building on campus has this little room with what looks like a courtroom, usually used for debates and presentations and simulations, and we were supposed to do a little team debate regarding the militarization of policemen... I was supposed to be in the team in support of this militarization, and I didn't study jack shit, which was my bad. Well, I did have a few arguments, but the thing about this debate was that I do not agree with the militarization of the police, and it is kinda hard to argue in support of something you don't agree with.

Whatever, the debate is over, and I'm going home... But then I realized something... Guys, where's my phone? I instantly run back to the classroom and see these 2 girls, one of them goes "Look! There he is!" and hands me my phone. I instantly thank her and give her like 7 high fives and a hug, and express my gratitude.

Then, Friday, the last normal day of the semester went and these same 2 girls are looking for someone to donate 50 pesos, and whaddya know, I have a crisp bill right here! I say "In order to express my thankfulness over you finding my phone, I give you these 50 pesos to fund your meal". I wait for a little bit and these girls come back with a box of pizza, and they hand me a plate with 2 slices. This doesn't seem like much since it's just a slice of pizza, but it is a show of mutual gratitude.

The funny part about that is that I had also purchased some fries with mozzarella cheese before going home, and as I was on my way home, my mom calls me and says "Hey, I went to this restaurant and they forgot to make the quesadilla I bought for

you, could you make a quick stop and pick it up?" and so, I did, but the problem was that now I had too much food. And it was all pretty yummy. A contrast to the beginning of the semester, because I didn't eat anything before going to class.

The first week of December was the final week of the semester that only lasted like four months, actually. I mean, I did my tests, I saw my classmates for one last time and I pretty much just went home and moved on with my life, knowing that I was gonna see my friends during the winter season, and knowing that I was gonna see December's hit movie, Five Nights At Freddy's 2.

But a sense of gloom hit over me after realizing that these are people I will only see in hallways now, people that I might never ever see again, people that may forget about me and I may forget about them, but I'll never forget what they did for me, just goes to show you that there are still nice kids in the world... We weren't kids, but I still thought my classmates were nice.

I still went home a little bit happy, because I knew I was never gonna have to go home at 10 PM ever again. I still felt a little sour after the whole experience, first of all, that wasn't a fucking semester! Those were four months!

I had no friends I could talk to, I had no site I could write in and be seen, I had no joy, I had no interest in reading comic books or watching movies to ease the pain, so I only listened to my music and looked pathetic and stupid to others.

But then I think about it and these guys that I hated so so much were actually pretty damn sweet, helpful, kind, and almost funny at times, it felt like I was on the brink of starting a beautiful friendship with at least one of these people, and just as fast as you can say "I'm gonna change classes this semester", that opportunity to build a new bond was taken away from me... By my own choice.

It was nothing personal against these guys, I thought they were cool, but now I can't help but feel a slight sense of gloom knowing that the bond that could've started now has no chance of ever doing so. And I'm afraid of reconnecting, I fear talking to these people individually, I fear talking to these people as a group, I fear greeting them in hallways, because it's painful, it reminds me of painful times where I felt like I was never going to see people that actually knew a side of me that I wasn't very willing to share with others, and it hurts to remember those times...

But then I remember that everything in the end went completely well, I ended up fine and everything that had to be resolved was eventually resolved. I also realize that it's over, I never have to go through this again, I know I will see the people I love again, and I know they will be understanding of it just as I try to be understanding of their problems.

I guess what was painful about my first semester wasn't necessarily the social aspect or that some guy was talking about me without my knowledge, hell, that's kind of what was going on right now. I feel like the painful part of the whole thing was the schedule itself, and the barrier it set between me and everyone

else in my social circle. There was no one to talk to at 10 PM, there was no one to greet you, everyone else was asleep and everyone was gone. And by the time the morning came, everyone else was at work or school and I was at home, feeling like there wasn't much time before going to a place with people that I didn't even know whether I liked or disliked, feeling exhausted and depressed the whole entire time.

It felt like I was under a bridge, being miserable while everyone else walked over that bridge, going where they want to go... Under the Bridge, eh? One of the many songs I listened to between classes. It's a song about loneliness, about a horrible feeling, a song about wanting to be in a better place and making a horrible time feel like just an unpleasant memory, and I think that sums up my first semester.

I guess the other thing I hated was the impermanence, knowing I would change classes when I got to my second semester, knowing I was gonna never see these faces again. I hated the feeling of missed opportunity, knowing that I completely screwed up any chance of ever befriending these guys, knowing that I probably never will talk to these people again. I can't even look these people in the eyes when I see them in the hallways, I can't bring myself to talk to them, and they don't even say anything to me, they probably don't even remember me anymore, they probably think I'm some stupid old geezer that looks at them funny.

At times I'm like "Fuck these guys, they were boring, stupid and complete dicks", but then I remember that it wasn't like that, they were funny, smart and kind, and I'll always respect that.

Y'know, it was during this time that I was also feeling self-conscious about how much I love Spider-Man and how other people might see me as immature and such, so I refrained from opening up comic books between classes. But then I remembered

how much these comic books had shaped me as a person and how much they mattered to me as both a fan and as a growing boy. I could find at least one thing to learn about a comic, even if it's a really bad one. Maybe escapism was a good thing, maybe it can help if you have a comfort show or a movie or something, maybe it was okay, just as long as you can still face reality and overcome your problems.

I look at my favorite Spider-Man story, the first Morlun issue, and I think about it, but me and Spidey, we went through some similar things. Spidey thought he was helpless against this new threat in his life, until he was offered another chance by Ezekiel, and after he won, he felt like a completely new man, and he loved everything and all he wanted to do is sleep. I felt like I was at a complete low when I entered college, but then after it was over, I also felt like new opportunities and more freedom were open. I was completely and totally invincible and all I wanted to do was sleep.

My love for Spider-Man isn't something that I should feel ashamed of, I used to be scared of people calling me the Spider-Man guy, now I've just completely embraced it. I like to think that whenever people in my social circle see a Spider-Man product, it reminds them of me, and that thought just makes me smile.

And the next day, after I woke up, I got a WhatsApp message from Rissey, one of those guys (I don't remember who) said something along the lines of "How does it feel to NEVER have to leave at 10 PM again?" And to tell you the truth, it feels... Strange, but in a good way. And as soon as I get out of bed, I walk out of the door of my home, and my mind goes to one thought...

I'm free! I'm free! I never have to leave school at 10 PM ever again! I never have to miss another hangout with my friends! I get to tell them all the stuff that happened, I get to tell them

everything that I did, I get to tell them all the stuff that I've always wanted to tell them but was so afraid to do so.

The world had decided to smile at me again, and I was happy as hell when that finally happened. I am going to make the rest of 2025 worth it.

We had an aunt's birthday coming up, and it was about to be celebrated at our home, so I decided to do the ballsy thing and do something I had never done in all my years of making friendships, and that was... Invite them over to my house. I asked my mother and my aunt if I could do so, and they gave me the greenlight, which was great. I asked Sebas and Andy if they were able to come and they said yes.

The day of the party came, and while I was having fun, I noticed something... A strange absence of both Andy and Seb. My aunt kept saying "Hey, maybe they're just not coming, sorry bud" but they had already told me they were on their way. I had ordered a copy of Amazing Spider-Man #600 and it somehow arrived before they did, which was surprising. And when I finally opened that door and saw their faces, I was so overjoyed, I finally saw my friends after experiencing the loneliest four months of my life, and we had so much fun, I finally had the chance to tell them what had happened and all that I went through, and they understood and honestly, while I was telling all of this to them, the feelings of anger, sadness and gloom were completely absent... I didn't feel depressed about it, I just wanted to laugh about it for a while.

As for The Amazing Spider-Man #600, I had a read and it was... Interesting. Not as good as other anniversary specials they did, and certainly nothing special, but I somehow felt a sense of joy from it, it made me feel like things were only going upwards for me, and the therapy side story was certainly interesting.

Christmas day came and I felt actually happy and not gloomy for a bit, it was great, unlike Christmas 2024. Part of the

reason why I didn't get sick was because I took this weird sorta vitamin C thing that somehow prevented me from falling ill again, and I'm forever grateful because I finally got to have a taste of those delicious tamales again. Wow.

Christmas season was pretty special to me because Rissey organized a short Christmas party that had lots of good food and good conversation, it felt like I was reuniting with long lost family members, it felt like none of those periods of loneliness mattered anymore, all I was interested in doing was enjoy the moment with these beautiful people that I love and respect.

The next few days were all for myself, I was alone in my own thoughts, and I really was probably supposed to feel like shit for those days, but the feeling wasn't there. I was finally free from leaving college at 10 PM, and it felt glorious.

I was alone and such until I hear that my friends were planning another hangout, and I pretty much just forced my way into this hangout, but it is completely justified, I hadn't really seen these guys in a long time and I wanted to go there for a laugh, and it was a beautiful hangout, we decided to just chill for a bit and play video games, and it was incredible, we got to talk more about our goals and aspirations in life, we got to share laughs at memes and funny stories, it was like God had finally grown tired of seeing me feel lonely and isolated and decided to finally send me some love for once, and I don't even follow religion.

It was like the world and the sun were both shining again, which is weird because it is December, and it is raining hard. It was a great sight to behold for me.

December 29th was another hangout day but this time it was just Seb, Andy and I, and it was just a beautiful day. I legit hadn't stopped smiling and being happy since Christmas, and isn't that just nice? Christmas season and New Year's is a time for joy and happiness and togetherness and I had never felt more

together with my friends and family members in such a long time, so that just made Christmas of 2025 one of my favorite Christmases.

And then, December 30th came along and I thought it was going to be completely uneventful and lonely and isolated, and I was just about to sit on my ass and write the chapter titled "Warped", ready to reminisce and cry about the sad times... But then I got a phone call from Sebastian...

"Hey, wanna come over? We'll play video games and afterwards, we'll go grab something to eat"

I dropped everything that I had planned for the day and said "Hell yeah" Now nothing could stop me from hanging out with these amazing people. We hung out until REALLY late hours, and then we all went home, but this hangout made me realize that we were probably gonna be a best friend trio til the end of time.

So, the conclusion for the Black Notebook. This is where everything ends.

This one was a crazy fun thing to write, I didn't know it was gonna be so much fun to reminisce about all the beautiful days of my teenage years. I'm 19 now, I'm still studying and still meeting new people, and I'm genuinely enjoying my life and I've come to terms with the fact that I'm gonna be lonely sometimes, but I'll always make it through just fine, I always do. Hope never dies.

If you had asked me like 2 months ago what I thought of my first semester and my classmates in college, I probably would've said "They're a bunch of idiots and I fucking hated them", but now I realize that this isn't the case, they were so kind, smart, had good hearts, were really funny, and I just can't bear to think "God, I kinda miss those guys, I hope to reconnect with them again some time soon to make up for a lost friendship". I'm even gonna be willing to thank and forgive that guy that wronged me with his stupid

message, it really made me realize that maybe I shouldn't force myself into conversations.

You look at my situation back then, with me not being able to see my closest friends and being stuck with people that maybe didn't even like me, and now look at me, hanging out with my best friends in the world both online and offline nearly every day.

Y'know, I really wanted to keep talk from my second semester OUT of the Black Notebook, but I feel like I must get this story out of my system. I walked into class during my first day, I was cold, shivering, I hadn't eaten breakfast, I was pretty sure I could've died then and there, and the feeling of loneliness and gloom had come back to haunt me, knowing that I was probably gonna be alone and sad again, wondering why it still hurt... But nowadays, I'm actually glad to meet these new people and talk to them and have interesting conversations with them.

Maybe it had a rocky start, but I learned so much and still managed to feel some kindness from others, which just inspires me to be more open and kind towards people.

To all my classmates I've ever had, thank you.

To all my friends from online and offline worlds, thank you.

To all the artists and characters whose work shaped me as a writer and even as a person, thank you.

The story of the Black Notebook ends on January 1st, 2026. It is a whole new year and it will have many, MANY more memories that I'm hoping will end well. And I am still reading Marvel Comics and watching anime, because in crazy worlds with lots of death and corrupt politics, escapist fiction and music and fun is something that is still very important, and it is something we all need to have in our lives.

One thing I didn't mention in "Warped" and "Nothing, Nobody, Nowhere" is that at some point I had a bit of a migraine that was super strong and I thought "I guess I'll just have to live my

life with this headache" but as soon as I stopped feeling lonely, isolated, stressed, depressed and sick, that headache went away, and it was such a relief. It wasn't anything serious after all, but it felt symbolic of my problems. Maybe it was a psychological thing more than a health thing.

I guess a little recommendation I can give to people going through periods of depression and low points is to start journaling. It is more therapeutic than it looks, and it is pretty damn fun. But it is also important to talk to people and vent about your problems with someone you can trust, like a friend or a family member.

Another thing is that you can't always expect anyone to save you, sometimes you have to save yourself, and you're never really lonely when you can understand and love yourself. Also, suicide is never an option and it is not a thing that should cross your mind at any point, just hold on to hope that things will get better, because they always do, and the sun always finds a way to shine upon you. God always finds a way to show some love towards you. Hell, I'm not even religious or anything, I just really like some of the values of religion, and I respect it.

I still think about my college classmates every now and then, wondering if they still think about me, but whether or not they think of me on either a positive or negative light, I do not give a single shit, I have my friends and family that I can talk to and I can show a side of myself to them that I don't really show to anyone else. I mean, I still kinda miss my college classmates and I hope we can reconnect some time soon, I think that'd be kinda nice... I just hope they never find this thing, boy, that'd be so embarrassing, imagine the look on their faces! It'd be like "Whaaaaa?! This guy that we didn't know wrote about us???? That's insane".

Y'know, whenever I look back at all my lonely days and days of getting into stupid ass arguments, summer courses, having

some self-doubt about myself because I like silly cheaply made comic books for children, and ruined fifth anniversaries... All I can do is laugh.